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FRANK LESLIE'S
BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.
An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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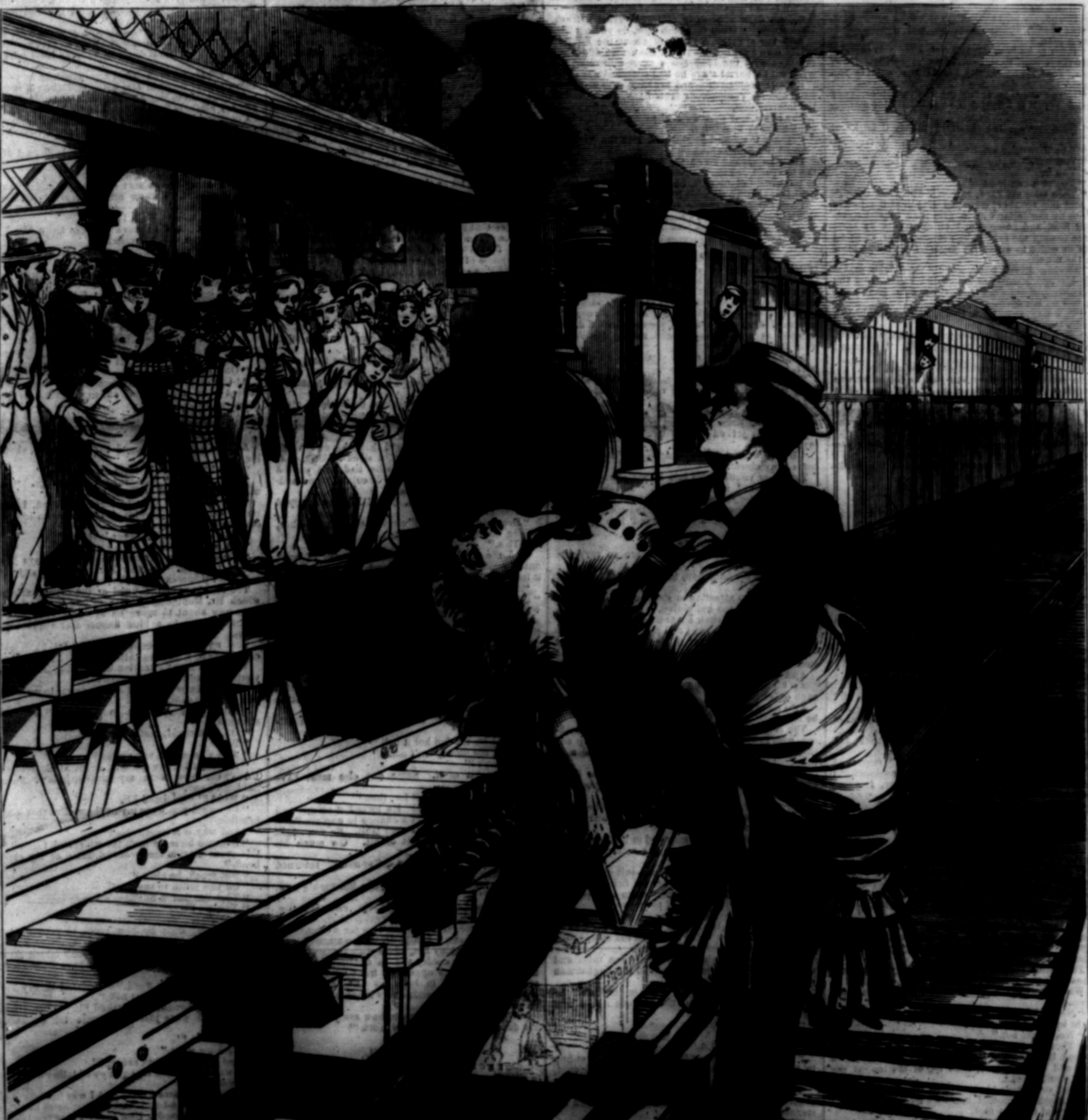
ELI AND TIP; Or, "WANTED, AN UNCLE."



"AT THE SAME MOMENT ELI DROPPED LIGHTLY DOWN UPON THE TRACK. A CHEER THAT SHOOK THE WHOLE PLATFORM ROSE AS HE SNATCHED THE SENSELESS SHAPE UP IN HIS STRONG ARMS."

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ELI AND TIP;

Or,

"Wanted, an Uncle."

THE SUMMER ADVENTURES OF TWO GREENHORNS IN NEW YORK.

By JACK MANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

IT was one of the hottest mornings in last June that the Cunard Steamship *Baltic* arrived at her dock in the city of New York.

In spite of the heat, however, the hackmen, who always throng a metropolitan steamship-wharf, were as lively and as ferocious as ever in pursuit of prey.

The New York hackman, as is well known, regards all mankind as his legitimate spoil.

The first victim on whom they pounced in the present instance was a pudgy, good-natured-looking youth of sixteen, who tripped down the gang-plank as soon as it was landed, gripping a portly sole-leather valise in one hand and a traveling-blanket in the other.

On this ill-fated stranger they fell in a body, hauling him about like a bundle of old clothes, and yelling like madmen, and rending the air with shouts of:

"Coach, young feller?"

"Cab, mister?"

"Hack, sir?"

"Coupé, my lord? 'Ere's yer nobby coupe now. Welwet-lined, dimond-mounted, and wentilated on a new plan."

"It ort to be fumigated, it ort, after you carryin' that there man to the smallpox 'orsepittle. Now, then, your highness, this here's the wehicle you want."

"If you want to ketch the collywobbles, your excellency, it is. This is the hack for your money, now."

"He'll be swindled out of his money if he takes it."

"Who'll swindle him?"

"You will."

"You lie!"

"You're a gentleman."

"Then take my card, so you'll know me again."

And the speaker, who had clutched the pudgy youth by the collar with a grip that almost strangled him, and commenced to drag him by main force toward the vehicle he presided over, released him in order to smite his asperser a violent blow on the nose.

The other struck back, while a third Jehu, grasping his opportunity, snatched the valise from the amazed and demoralized stranger's hand and dashed up the dock, yelling:

"This way, sir. Look lively, now. I'll put you through straight, you bet."

"'Ere, I say! Bless my heart! what's all this, you know?" gasped the pudgy youth. "Hi, there! Stop thief! stop thief!"

And he started in pursuit of his valise.

He overtook the hackman just as the latter was jamming the portmanteau under the seat of a moldy old wreck of a hack, which looked as if the first jolt would shake it to pieces, while the two bony horses attached to its shaft were dozing in the sun.

"I say," exclaimed the stranger, "what are you doing with my portmanteau, you know?"

"All right, sir, it's safe," responded the hackman. "Bounce right in, now."

"Bounce hin where?"

"Why, into this hack."

"Bless my stars! you don't really call that an 'ack, now, do you?"

"Well, I just do."

"Why, I wouldn't trust myself hinto it for huntold gold."

"You wouldn't?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"What did you mean by engaging me, then?"

"Who hengaged you?"

"You did."

"It don't strike me very forcibly that I did, you know?"

"Do you mean to say you didn't hire me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Sakes alive! Didn't I lug your old rag-bag all the way down the landing?"

"I didn't hask you to lug hit, did I?"

"My stars! Well, for pure cheek, this beats all I ever hear, see or read about."

"I should rather say it did. 'And hout my valise now, will you?"

"Not much, I won't. You've hired my hack, and my hack you've got to take."

"If I know my hown mind, my man," remarked the pudgy youth, with imperturbable coolness, "I don't want a cab at hall, consequently, I 'avent got to take yours, you know."

"Who! So you don't wan't a cab, eh?"

"No."

"Are you dead sure you don't?"

"Perfectly."

"And what do you want, then?" asked the hackman, with grim irony, "a palace car, or a four-in-hand, with a spotted dog under the wagon? Or may be a hearse will fit your size better, eh? A hearse with a funeral and a burial lot throwed in? Take your choice, now. This is a free country, you know, so take your choice."

The hackman, while speaking, had deliberately turned up his coat-cuffs and spat on his hands, glaring meanwhile at the pudgy youth with a gloomy frown.

The latter received these menacing demonstrations with the utmost calmness.

When they were completed, the hackman observed:

"Now, then, my beauty, are you going to skip right into that there hack?"

"No, I ham not."

"Then, ambulances is next in order."

And the hackman launched a fist, resembling in size and shape a ten-pound leg of mutton, at the cool youth's head.

Then something happened to the Jarvey which very much astonished him—which quite knocked him out of time, in fact.

This was that an expert hand turned his blow aside, while a small, white fist landed between his eyes with a sledge-hammer violence that made him see a million stars.

He staggered blindly back, lost his footing, and tumbled among the feet of his bony horses, howling at the top of his voice:

"Help! murder! help!"

The shouts attracted the attention of the people on the dock, and the fight between the two hackmen being ended, the crowd flocked to see what the fresh disturbance was about.

Like all mobs, they sympathized with their own associate, and a menacing murmur rose at the sight of the hackman sitting up in the dust, swabbing the blood from his eyes.

"What's the matter, Jim?" demanded one. "Who hit you?"

"That English duffer there, dog gone him!"

"What did he do it for?"

"He hired my hack, an' then wanted to back down on his bargain."

"He's a pretty duffer to take the bread out of a poor man's mouth that way, he is," said one of the crowd.

"He ought to be ducked," observed another.

"Yes, duck him! duck him!" echoed a score of voices.

And a combined rush was made for the strange youth, who had viewed the foregoing in no little amazement, and who, now perceiving his peril, put himself in a posture of defense.

He handled his fists with the expertness of one who had learned their use as a science, and the foremost of the attacking party bit the dust under a tremendous blow on the jaw.

The others closed in, however, and the strange youth became the centre of a savage *mêlée*, striking right and left, while the enemy rained down a shower of blows on his unprotected head.

The fight was too unequal a one to be of long duration.

The young Englishman had sent three of his opponents to earth, when a blow from behind half stunned him, and as he lowered his arm, a stalwart ruffian raised a ponderous stick over his head.

"Gosh darn your dirty picture!" cried a fresh, clear voice. "Drop that club now, do ye hear?"

And the speaker, a youth of about the Englishman's own age, bounded into the crowd and dealt the man with the bludgeon a savage blow on the wrist with a barrel-stave he had snatched up.

Here the ruffian dropped his hand with a roar of pain, and his companions drew back, astonished at the interruption.

The newcomer took swift advantage of this brief suspension of hostilities.

Pushing the dazed Englishman into the hack, he banged the door behind him.

Then he sprang up on the fore-wheel, thence to the box, and, seizing the reins, which were fastened to the handle of the seat, he commenced to belabor the horses lustily with his barrel-stave.

The anatomical steeds gave a snort of indignation and started off at a gallop.

CHAPTER II.

YANKEE AND COCKNEY.

THE ruse proved eminently successful. The crowd scattered before the hack, and sent a few stones after it, but once among the tangle of vehicles on West Street, it was safe from pursuit.

As soon as he could get out of the struggling swarm of other conveyances, the self-elected driver stopped at a street-corner and nimbly descended from the box.

After haltering the gaunt steeds to an awning-post, he opened the hack-door.

The young Englishmen reclined on the seat, still dizzy from the effects of the vigorous head-pounding he had received.

Hauling the valise from under the seat, the strange youth pulled its owner out after it.

The latter jerked himself free and squared off, saying:

"Heasy does hit, you know, my boy. Don't come hany closer."

The other youth broke into a hearty laugh.

"My souls!" he exclaimed, "is this all the thanks I get for saving your hide from a tanning?"

"I beg your pardon," returned the other, in some confusion. "I ham a little mixed hup yet, you see."

"I don't wonder you are."

"The customs of this country are so very surprising, you know."

"Those of the hackmen, for instance."

"Hexactly."

"They are so attentive to strangers."

"Haltogether too hattentive."

"And give them such a warm reception.

"Warm? Well, now, I call hit red 'ot."

"It will be hotter yet if we don't move out the way. There's a crowd of them coming up the street now looking for the hack. Let's slope."

And he drew his companion away.

As they walked along the two boys observed each other closely.

Two more different types of youths could scarcely be found.

The Englishman was stout and good-natured looking, with sandy hair and an open face as plump and rosy as a girl's, on which rested an expression of the most implicit confidingness.

"By jinks," muttered his companion, "he looks like a fellow that would believe anything you told him."

The speaker, on the contrary, was a rather thin-faced youth, with dark hair and a skin turned brown by wind and weather.

Two restless dark eyes sparkled in his face, which altogether was that of a very quick-witted and intelligent boy.

The Englishman was arrayed in a suit of that very loud checked tweed which all sons of Britannia think themselves called upon to wear when in a strange country, probably in honor of their own native land.

The other wore garments which evidently owed their existence to the skill of a country tailor, and which sat upon him with very much the same grace as a train skirt would sit on a giraffe.

After putting a safe distance between them and the hackmen, the boys stopped and the Englishman grasped his companion's hand.

"You 'ave proved a real friend in need, sir," he said. "I ham glad you are the first one whose 'and I grasp in America."

"You're an Englishman, I see."

"Bless my stars! 'ow did you discover that?"

"I sort of guessed it."

"Ho! I thort there was nothing hin my get-hup to betray me, and I 'aven't the slightest haccent, you know."

"Not the least in the world," returned the other, grinning. "You were one of the passengers on the steamer there, weren't you?"

"I was."

"What's your handle?"

"I beg pardon; my 'andle?"

"Your name, you know."

"Ho, yes. My name is 'Enery Tippins."

"Where do you hail from?"

"Hi never drink, thank you."

"Who was talking of drink?"

"Why, you was, wasn't you? Hale, you know,"

"I mean, whereabouts do you come from?"

"Ho, to be sure. Why, from London, hof course."

"Did you come in the cabin or steerage?"

"Hin the cabin."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"Well, hupon my word, hold boy," said 'Enery Tippins, laughing, "don't you think hit would save some trouble hif I wrote hit hall down, you know?"

"Dang it all! that's so. I ain't a bit curious, you know."

"Hof course. I can see that with 'ari an heye."

"In fact, if there is anything I hate in the world it's asking questions."

"But I do like to find out who I am talking to, you know."

"Quite the p. c., I'm sure."

"The p. c.? What's that, for instance?"

"The proper caper, to be sure. Hand seeing that it's the p. c. to know who you're talking to, you know——"

"Well?"

"Though I ham not hin the least curious——"

"Certainly not."

"Suppose I harsk you what your 'andle, has you call it, his?"

"Eli Skillings."

"Hand where do you come from?"

"From Cuttyhunk."

"Gracious me! what a hawful place that must be!"

"Why?"

"Honly think hof such a name! Hand 'ow did you come from Cuttyhunk? Hin the cabin or steerage?"

"Sho! I came on the train, of course."

"'Ow long do you purpose remaining 'ere?"

Eli Skillings, who had been answering the questions 'Enery Tippins put to him with the air of one who has a growing conviction that he is being quizzed, looked his interlocutor squarely in the face.

The latter returned the glance.

Then both broke into a laugh so hearty that it woke a yellow dog from a doze on a cellar-door across the way, and sent him off at a dead run with the evident impression that the dog-catchers were after him.

"I ham not hin the least curious," said 'Enery Tippins.

"Neither am I," returned Eli Skillings.

"But I do like to harsk questions."

"So do I."

"Then, sir, let us shake 'ands."

"And call it square, eh?"

And the echo of their lusty laughter rang out again as they gripped one another's hands with a pressure that showed they understood each other.

"The fact of the matter his," said 'Enery Tippins, "that I've crossed the 'erring-pond to seek for an hold huncle of mine hover 'ere."

"And I've come from Cuttyhunk on precisely the same racket."

"Halso to henjoy myself."

"Which is likewise my exact lay."

"Then let hus 'unt in couples."

"Enough said."

"Hand as you har' at 'ome 'ere, you can steer me straight, you know."

"You've come to the right shop for that, now, and don't you forget it."

"New York, I 'ave 'eard, is an hawful place for strangers."

"Ah!" observed Eli Skillings, disdainfully, "it's a rough enough place on the ignorant and unwary. But you stick to me, and you will come out at the big end of the horn, you bet."

Before 'Enery Tippins could thank his new friend for his proffered protection, a sleek-looking, red-nosed man, in rusty black, who had just passed them, walking in the opposite direction, came suddenly running back, calling:

"Young gentlemen! Hi, there! You've dropped something."

"Dropped something?" exclaimed both together, feeling their pockets. "What?"

"This."

And the sleek stranger held up a roll of bank notes, confined by a rubber band, and fairly forced it into Eli Skillings's hand.

"I haven't got time to stop," he said, hurriedly. "I'm a poor man, gentlemen, and any trifle in the way of a reward for my honesty would be acceptable. Anything. No matter how small. I'm poor, but honest, I am."

"Here, then," said Eli; "take this."

The sleek stranger seized the five-dollar bill Eli produced from his vest pocket, and without waiting to express any thanks, hurried away.

"Well, he is hin an 'urry," remarked 'Enery Tippins. "Though hit's blessed lucky for you that he saw that there money hof yours."

"Money of mine! Why, dog gone it, Tip, that's the fun of it all."

"What his the fun hof it hall?"

"Why, the money isn't mine."

"Hit isn't?"

"Not a bit of it. Some one else must have dropped it."

"What did you take it for, then?"

"How could I help it? He forced it on me, and didn't give me a ghost of a chance to explain."

"That's so; hit wasn't your fault. So you might has well 'ave the benefit of hit. 'Ow much his there?"

"A hundred dollars in ten-dollar notes," returned Eli, counting.

"Well, bless my stars! you are hin luck's way, ain't you?"

"Oh, I'm fly, I am," said Eli, complacently, stuffing the money into his vest-pocket. "Only you trust to me, and you won't go far wrong."

At this moment a neatly-dressed man, with eye-glasses, a very shiny hat, and a watch-chain nearly as big as a ship's cable, and as dazzling as a locomotive headlight, stopped in front of them, and seizing Eli's hand in both his own, commenced shaking it as if he intended to wrench his arm from its socket, exclaiming:

"Why, my dear Wilkinson, how are you? What the deuce brings you to New York?"

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE GREGORY GRIMBALL.

ELI SKILLINGS stared at the new-comer in no little bewilderment, while 'Enery Tippins's eyes assumed the dimensions of ink-bottles, and stuck out like those of a lobster.

The stranger, giving Eli's wrist a twist that threatened to snap it off, while his watch-chain jingled like a chime of bells with the violence of his movements, repeated:

"Why, my dear Wilkinson, how are you, anyhow?"

"It strikes me with the force of a brickbat, sir," said Eli, "that you have made a mistake."

"A mistake, sir," repeated the stranger. "In what way?"

"My name isn't Wilkinson."

"Your name isn't Wilkinson?"

"Not if I know what I was christened."

"You are not the son of old Deacon Hosea Wilkinson, of Squigglechunk?"

"No, sir; I am the son of Captain Aaron Skillings, of Cuttyhunk."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed the man with the watch-chain. "I see now that I have been mistaken. You will pardon me, I hope, sir, but your resemblance to my young friend Wilkinson is really extraordinary."

"Well, I want to know."

"I really cannot persuade myself that you are not the son of my old friend. The resemblance is wonderful. Perfectly startling. Really astounding. Are you certain you are not young Wilkinson now?"

"Of course I am."

"Then, indeed, it must be so."

The stranger rolled his words out in rich, round syllables, as if they tasted sweet to his tongue, while he stepped back and measured Eli Skillings from head to foot like a connoisseur studying the points of a new statue.

"I perceive my error now," he said, at last. "May I venture to hope that you have forgiven it?"

"Certainly," returned Eli, with condescension. "Don't mention it any more."

"And your friend also?"

"He has. You excuse him, don't you, Tip?"

"Hof course I do."

"Thank you, Mr. Tip," said the stranger, fervently. "I'm very much obliged to you, I am sure. Montgomery Slathers is your most grateful servant, gentlemen, I assure you."

Now, as the reader has doubtless perceived, Eli Skillings, for all his airs, was about as green a delegate from the rural districts as ever visited New York.

The excessive urbanity of the eminently respectable stranger inspired him with confidence at once.

In addition to this, the deep deference Mr. Montgomery Slathers paid to him flattered his vanity.

Consequently, he became very confidential indeed, and as they strolled along, he put that gentleman in possession of most of his history.

"So your're looking for your uncle?" said Mr. Slathers. "What's his name?"

"Grimball, sir. Gregory Grimball."

"The name seems sort of familiar, still I can't quite locate it. I know most everybody in New York, you know."

"Do you, now? Well, I swan!"

"Oh, yes. And I thought I might know him."

"I wish you did, by jinks!"

"Why are you so anxious to see him again?"

"I never saw him before in my life."

"Indeed? Then you wouldn't know him if you did see him?"

"Not much, I wouldn't. But I'd smell him out, you bet."

"Would you, now?"

"Yes, I would. He owes my father five hundred dollars, and father told me if I could collect it I could have it to spend."

"So you intend to collect it?"

"Oh! don't I, just?"

At this juncture Mr. Montgomery Slathers gave a violent start and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Confound it! There's Tom Collins now," he cried. "Gentlemen, I must be off and catch him. We shall meet again."

And he dashed off round the first corner, shouting:

"Tom! Hi, there! Hold on a minute!"

"Well, I vow," remarked Eli Skillings. "He might have stopped to say good-by."

"He was in an 'urry to meet 'is friend, I suppose," said 'Enery Tippins. "What a queer-looking cove he is, hanyway!"

"How do you mean queer-looking?"

"Oh, sort of rakish-looking like."

"These here men about town are always that way, I tell you. Us New Yorkers are a gay lot, and don't you make any mistake."

The two boys had stopped at the corner, around which Mr. Montgomery Slathers had vanished, and were now about to move on again, when a burly, red-faced man in a blue flannel suit approached them.

The newcomer seemed to study Eli Skillings's countenance with great attention.

With such great attention indeed that that astute youth noticed it and remarked:

"Well, I hope you'll be able to swear to me when you see me again."

"I could 'most swear to you now," said the stranger.

"Oh, you could, could you?"

"Yes."

"And who would you swear I was?"

"If I didn't know he was down at Cuttyhunk, I'd swear you were my brother-in-law, Aaron Skillings's son."

"What!" exclaimed Eli.

"I'd swear you were my nephew. But that is impossible."

"And why is it impossible?"

"Because he is far from the whirl and turmoil of this great city, in the peaceful home of my childhood."

"Not much, he ain't."

"Do you mean to say——"

"That I'm Aaron Skillings's son."

"You are?"

"I am."

"Then, my dear nephew, come to your uncle's arms."

And the man in the blue flannel suit folded Eli to his breast with a hug that would have done credit to a grizzly bear.

"Well, hupon my word," ejaculated 'Enery Tippins, "hif this don't beat hall."

"Don't it, though!" remarked Eli. "Why, Uncle Gregory, we were just this minute talking about you."

"You were?"

"Yes, we were."

"And what were you saying?"

"I was telling him that you owed father five hundred dollars."

"Why, to be sure I do. And I was just going to get a check cashed and send the money to him this afternoon by a friend. How lucky I met you! Now you can take charge of it."

"Of course I can."

"Well! well! well! how glad I am now, to be sure! You don't know, really, how many times I wanted to pay your father that money."

"Why didn't you, then?"

"Well, you see, I never could get down to Cuttyhunk myself."

"You might have mailed it, you know."

"My boy," said the man in the blue flannels, solemnly, "never you trust any money to the United States mails. Don't you go and do it now, or you'll be robbed."

"Gracious sakes!"

"And I wouldn't have you robbed for the world. Have a nephew of mine robbed? No! not for countless millions."

While speaking, Uncle Gregory had produced a greasy wallet from his pocket.

This wallet was stuffed to bursting with bank notes, checks and other papers, which the owner sorted over rapidly.

Then he uttered an exclamation of disappointment.

"Confound it!" he said. "How are we ever to get change? I haven't got that much ready money, and it will take me an hour to get a check cashed, and I'll miss my train."

"Maybe I can help you. Leave the check with me and I will get it cashed."

"But it is for a thousand dollars, and it's the smallest I have."

"Well, I won't steal the odd five hundred."

"My dear boy," remarked Uncle Gregory, in an aggrieved tone, "how can you say that? I'm not afraid to trust you with every dollar in this pocketbook."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Because I am going away on business and have brought just enough cash with me to carry it out. I counted on sending that five hundred dollars to your father, and then having exactly the sum I need to transact my business."

Eli reflected for a moment.

Cordially as his uncle had greeted him, he recollected having heard his father say that Gregory Grimball was about as hard to get money out of as a paving-stone.

Consequently, now that he had the opportunity to possess himself of the five hundred dollars, he hated to let it pass without taking advantage of it.

To do him justice, Uncle Gregory seemed to be quite distressed himself, and after a brief pause he said:

"I haven't got a minute to spare, for my meeting you has delayed me, and I mustn't miss that train."

"What are we going to do, then?" demanded Eli.

"There's only one thing I can see."

"What's that?"

"I've got six hundred dollars here in twenty-dollar gold-pieces."

"You don't say so!"

"I was going to send them to California by express, but I haven't got time to do it now."

"You can't?"

"No; so it just struck me. Have you got any money?"

"Some."

"A hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"Then give it to me to make up the difference, and take the gold."

"But why don't you keep some of the gold yourself?"

"It's packed up, and it's so unhandy to carry when it's loose."

"That's so."

"Hand over the hundred now, and my California coon will have to wait."

"All right."

And Eli drew forth the roll of bank-notes which he had received from the red-nosed stranger and counted the required amount out.

Uncle Gregory grabbed the bills as if he was afraid they would fly away.

"You're a thoroughbred, you are," he said. "Business to the backbone. Here's the gold. Take care of yourselves, boys. I'll be back next week. Call on me at the Astor House."

And before they could turn to say good-by he was off down the street.

He had left in Eli Skillings's hand a long, heavy roll, sealed up in thick paper with big red seals.

CHAPTER IV.

A FRENCH DINNER AND AN IRISH DESSERT.

"WELL, I never!" said 'Enery Tippins; "but they do 'ave an hawful rapid way hof transacting business hin this country, you know."

"We're lightning, we are," retorted Eli, in a high good-humor with himself. "You don't often see such things in the old country, do you?"

"What an 'urry hall of those gentlemen were hin!"

"Business, old boy, business. We're always on the go. Chain lightning, with the links greased, ain't a circumstance to us."

"Hit certainly looks as hif it wasn't."

"But what are we going to do now?"

"Hif I might suggest something?"

"Suggest away."

"Hit is doocid 'ot work lugging a portmanteau and a rug around hon a day like this."

"Of course it is."

"So I think I'll look for an 'otel."

"I never thought of that. Where do you intend to stop?"

"Well, it just struck me that it would be the p. c. for me to go to the same 'otel has you."

"It would be the p. c., Tip, only for one thing."

"What his that?"

"I'm not stopping at a hotel."

"'Ow's that? You don't sleep hin the streets, do you?"

"No, but I just got into town about an hour before I fell in with you."

"Hall the better. Then we'll 'unt a place together. Honly you give me the straight tip. You're hat 'ome 'ere, you know."

Now, this was just what Eli Skillings was not.

Far from being at home in New York, he had never seen the great city before, save in his dreams, and he knew about as much of its topography as a sucking pig knows about French grammar.

That is to say, nothing at all.

He had a guide-book and a map in his pocket, and between these and the tongue in his head he would have had no difficulty in finding his way around had he been alone.

But the society of 'Enery Tippins imposed a restriction on that.

He had assumed such an air of superiority over his stranger companion, and hinted so loudly at his familiarity with the city, that he was ashamed to acknowledge now that his boast had had no better foundation than wind.

"Darn it all!" he said to himself. "I'll trust to luck. When I get him to a hotel I'll poke around and find out some things for myself."

It was a clear case of the blind leading the blind, but Eli Skillings, of Cuttyhunk, was not the youth to be conquered by trifles.

After leaving the hack they had walked down West Street.

Now, as there was no possibility of their going one way without walking into the North River, Eli turned up the first street that led in the other direction.

Tip allowed himself to be led, happily unconscious of the fact that his guide knew as little of the way he was conducting him as he did himself.

He plied his conductor with questions as they advanced, to all of which Eli invented answers, until he had told lies enough to consign a whole regiment to future punishment.

The west side of New York, above Canal Street, is cut up by a tangle of crooked streets that is confusing even to one acquainted with the city.

Up one and down another Eli led his companion, until the conviction grew upon him that he was hopelessly lost.

Poor Tip toiled on under his load of luggage, unsuspicious of the real state of the case, till at last he stopped short, streaming with perspiration and utterly fagged out.

"Look 'ere, Skillings," he said; "'ow far is hit to that 'otel hof yours?"

"Quite a ways yet," responded the shameless Eli. "Here, let me help you with your valise, old fellow."

"'Old on a minute. Isn't that a restaurant hacross the way there?"

"Yes."

"Then let hus get something to heat. I'm blessed hif I can go hany further without. I'm has feeble has a sick kitten."

The wayfarers had found their way into a section of the city occupied by one of the numerous colonies of forgeiners settled in New York.

Everything around wore a decidedly outlandish and queer look.

There were funny little shops where strange groceries and other articles were exposed for sale, and the names on the signs were all French and German ones.

The restaurant alluded to by Tip was a neat little house with a low, bulging window, full of steaks, chops, sausages and other edibles, arranged with an appetizing care that would have made a mule's mouth water.

Crossing the street they entered a roomy apartment fitted with tables, at most of which people were eating, while at the extreme end two billiard-tables and a bagatelle-board were in full blast.

The din from those games, combined with that of voices, and the clattering of plates, knives and forks, was deafening, while to add to this confusion, a half dozen demented waiters rushed frantically to and fro, yelling orders for the cook at the tops of their lungs.

Except the newcomers, there was not an English face in the room.

All the guests were either French or German, and all the conversation was conducted in one or the other of those tongues.

Tip, who spoke French, gave their order, and a very good meal was soon smoking before them.

They had arrived at about the middle of it when a violent commotion on the other side of the room attracted their attention.

It was a dispute between a guest, whose back was turned toward them, and a short, fat waiter, whose countenance was purple with excitement.

The guest spoke in a rich brogue, which left no doubt as to his nationality, and which rose high above the din of the restaurant.

To judge from his dress, he was some Irish sailor, who had strayed into the place, just as they themselves had done.

"The divel resave yez," he said. "I tell yez I want an Irish stew. An I-R-I-S-H S-T-E-W—d'ye moind?"

"*Comment, monsieur!*" (What, sir?) demanded the waiter.

"Common, ye vagabone!" cried the guest. "Thunders av war! what d'ye mane? Is it insultin' me national dish ye are? Faith, ye'll be slahderin' the praties next."

Here the proprietor, a very tall, phantom-like personage, in green goggles and a nankeen suit, approached, and demanded of the waiter what was the matter.

"*Ce, monsieur là*——" (That gentleman there), began the waiter, pointing to the guest.

"Hould on!" cried the latter, bounding to his feet. "To begin at the beginnin', me name ain't Law. Bad scran to ye, do ye take me for a Tombs shyster?"

"Aha!" said the proprietor, pushing the waiter aside. "*Je sais que monsieur est Anglais!* You is ze Inglish, sir?"

"Ye loi, ye spalpeen! I'm Irish," returned the guest.

"*Ah! oui, oui! C'este la même chose. Oui, oui.*" (Ah! yes, yes! It is the same thing. Yes, yes.)

"Wee, wee!" imitated the Irishman. "D'ye call that Inglish? Bad scran to ye, ye villain, there ain't a grunter in ould Ireland couldn't do better than that. The blazes ketch ye wid yer wee wees. I thought ye spoke English here?"

"*Certainement, monsieur.* Here is se Inglish spook."

"Begorra ye look loike a spook, sure enough," muttered the guest, with a contemptuous glance at the proprietor's emaciated figure. "The spook of a man that was stharved to death, too. Well, Mr. Spook, I want an Irish stew."

"*Comment?* Irish stoo?"

"Common Irish stew? No. It's the very best ye have in the house I want. An' here's the manes to pay for it."

And the speaker rattled half a dozen gold coins down on the table.

The sight of the money gave the despairing restaurant-man fresh courage.

He knew about as much English as a donkey knows music, "Bifstick" and "God-dam" being his principal phrases. But with one eye on the gold he mustered his forces and returned to the charge.

"Monsieur vill me extend ze pardon," he said, bowing. "But I have not ketch his—vat he call ze order. Vill he me ze *politesse* do to it *répeter*—repeat?"

"Faith, since yer're so uncommon civil, I don't moind if I do. I wan't an Irish stew."

The landlord had been listening closely, and as the words were slowly uttered he seemed to comprehend them.

At any rate, a look of horror came into his face, and he raised his hands heavenward.

"*Ah, ciel!*" he shrieked, in a voice that attracted the attention of every one in the place. "*Dieu me protége! C'est un cannibale!*" (Oh, heaven! The Lord protect me! it is a cannibal!)

"What!" cried every one in amazement, while the Irishman grew purple with wrath; "a cannibal!"

"*Dieu merci! oui, oui. Il me damandeur potage d'Irlandais!*"

A cry of disgust rose from the French listeners.

The Hibernian's innocent demand for an Irish stew had been translated by the landlord, who "the English spook," into a desire to dine off a stewed Irishman."

Incensed beyond endurance by the threatening murmurs of the indignant Frenchmen and the laughter of the boys, who comprehended the mistake, the Milesian sprang to his feet and seized the trembling proprietor by his cravat.

"Tare an' ages, ye vagabone!" he yelled, gnashing his teeth with rage. "I'll tache ye to play yer obscene rigs on a dacent Irishman, I will."

And he shook the terrified Frenchman till his ribs rattled like bones in a sack.

"Help! help!" shrieked the man, in his own tongue. "God protect me! He wants to eat *me!*"

A scream of horror rose from the guests, who, satisfied that they had to deal with a ferocious madman, precipitated themselves on the Irishman in a body.

He, with a furious effort, hurled the proprieter from him.

The man tripped over a chair and dived headlong down through a dumbwaiter into the kitchen, where the scullions, thinking him some drunken guest from above, began to belabor him lustily with stewpans, gridirons and whatever else came handy.

His assailant, meanwhile, whirled about, and snatching up a chair, smashed it over the head of the nearest antagonist.

Then, seizing the little round table at which he had been sitting, by two of its three legs, he raised it over his head.

"Come on, ye spalpeens!" he cried. "Donnybrook agin the world! Hurroo! who'll tread on the tail av me coat? Whoop!"

The Frenchmen drew back dismayed at this determined movement, and the truly startling yell which accompanied it.

Tip, who caught sight of the man's face for the first time, leaped to his feet with a cry of amazement, exclaiming:

"Why, dash me, if it hisn't Barney O'Reirdon!"

CHAPTER V.

INTRODUCING MR. BERNARD O'REIRDON.

ALTHOUGH Eli Skillings had not the slightest idea who Barney O'Reirdon was, the fact that Tip knew him was enough for him.

So, while the latter leaped on a table, which separated them from the Irishman and his antagonists, Eli jumped to his feet and seized a billiard-cue from a rack on the wall.

Meanwhile, a dozen of the Frenchmen, who had been playing billiards, came to the assistance of their compatriots, armed with their cues and eager for the fray.

In another instant the combat had begun.

It was as brief of duration as it was lively.

The Frenchmen closed in on Barney, who mowed the first file down with a sweep of the table, which broke in half with the blow.

Then, with a fragment in each hand, he leaped among them, yelling like a demon, and shouting his Tipperary war-whoop as he laid about him right and left.

The Frenchmen gave way before him, filling the air with *sac-res*, and skipping around like a pack of monkeys on a hot stove.

They rained a shower of blows on their sturdy assailant with canes, umbrellas and billiard-cues, while the room echoed the crash of breaking crockery and smashing furniture, and the shrieks of the lady-cashier, who rushed to and fro bewailing the wreck in a voice like the filing of a saw.

Half of his assailants had already bitten the dust when Barney received a blow on the skull with the heavy butt of a cue that staggered him.

The Frenchmen, profiting by this, bounded at him like a swarm of rats, and he was just disappearing under a cloud of struggling figures when a blazing object of some sort came sailing through the air, descending like a bomb in their midst.

It was an enormous *omelette au rhum* which Tip had discovered on the table upon which he had mounted, reposing in its huge dish, filled with rum, all prepared to be lighted when the guests who had ordered the fiery dainty in question were ready for that stage of their repast.

To touch a blazing match to it had been the work of an instant. Then a jerk of his powerful hand had sent it among the combatants just at the critical period of the struggle.

The burning spirits in the dish rained all about in a shower of flame, while the dish itself, in descending, broke, and the omelette, soaked with liquor, and blazing away like a ball of tow, fell on the head of a tall, stout man with a wig, which at once caught fire.

This individual set up a shriek that would have roused the dead, and strove to tear his blazing head-dress off, while his compatriots, scorched and blistered by the burning spirits, which had fallen on them, scattered in every direction, cursing like maniacs.

"Now, then, charge!" cried Tip, leaping to the Irishman's side and snatching up a billiard-cue from the floor. "Don't give them time to rally. Make for the door."

And dashing forward, followed by Barney and Eli Skillings, he knocked down his first opponent, upset a second into a tub full of champagne on ice, exploding the bottles like a discharge of musketry, and was about to spring upon a third when a voice cried:

"Ze police! Ze police!"

At this shout the Frenchmen fell back, and our friends and Mr. O'Reirdon were left facing a pompous policeman, whose portly figure filled the doorway.

"And what the divil's all this hullabaloo about?" demanded the M. P., elevating his ponderous club.

"Faith, ye'd better come in an' see," responded Barney.

And leaping at the policeman, he seized him by his uplifted arm and whirled him round into the restaurant.

The knight of the club spun round and round, till he landed in the arms of the Frenchman with the burning wig, whom he proceeded to pound over the head with his truncheon without further delay.

The blows had the effect of extinguishing the flames, but they kindled fresh fires in the wrathful bosoms of the spectators.

Indignant at seeing their friend being clubbed by the very official who should have protected him, they set upon the policeman.

That worthy was being rapidly reduced to a mummy, when Mr. O'Reirdon and his companions judged it discreet to leave while the coast was clear.

They did not halt till they had put a couple of blocks between them and the scene of their late adventure.

Then Tip came to a stand, out of breath, and said:

"Well, bless my 'eart! And 'ow did you come into that place, Barney?"

"Faith, I didn't swim there," responded the Irishman. "Though it's glad enough I was to swim out. But where's your manners, Misther Tip? Inthroduce yer friend."

"Oh, I forgot! Mr. Skillings, allow me to hintroduce you to Bernard O'Reirdon, Esquire."

"I'm glad to meet ye sor," said Barney, gripping Eli Skillings's hand with a cordiality that made the bones crack. "Ye have a noice name. It remindhs me of me ould thrade."

"What was that?"

"I was a cook once."

"And what's my name got to do with that?"

"Sure, don't a cook use skillets? I only hope we'll become as familiar as I've been with them same utensils."

And the Irishman shook hands over again, this time nearly crippling his victim for life.

"Barney was one hof the stewards hon the steamer," explained Tip, while Eli counted his fingers to see if they were all there.

"And many's the nate morsel he sarved to ye, eh, Misther Tip?"

"That his a fact."

"But how have ye been makin' out since ye kem ashore?"

"Well, I've 'ad a fight."

"Good enough to begin with."

"I've met Skillings."

"Betther yet."

"We've found a 'undred dollars."

"Hurroo! Be jabers! yer commencin' well for an emigrant."

"Hand Skillings's huncle paid 'im five 'undred he howed 'is father."

"Luck here, Misther Tip," said Barney, solemnly. "Did yez ever rade the Bible?"

"Of course."

"An' do yez remember what happened to Ann Aliza an' Sophia?"

"Well, I can't say I do."

"Misther Tip, they tould lies, and they was sthruck by loightnin'."

"Do you mean to hinsinuate that I'm lying?"

"Not for wurrids. Only I'm hintin' in the gintlest sort av a way that thim things you tell about happens in fairy tales."

"Well, they 'appened hin New York this time, hanyway. Show 'im the gold, Skillings."

Thus adjured, Eli lugged the package of gold from his pocket.

"There! look for yourself," he said, triumphantly.

"Faith, it shows up well enough," remarked Barney, inspecting the bundle, critically; "but have yez seen the insoide of it?"

"We soon will."

And Eli broke the seal at one end of the package.

A twenty-dollar gold piece dropped out into his hand.

At the same time the package slipped through his fingers, and falling on the sidewalk, burst open.

Instead of a shower of gold there rolled out a section of leaden pipe neatly wrapped in tissue-paper.

"Begorra! ye've drove a foine bargain," said Barney, dryly, while the boys stared at one another aghast. "Ye've paid a hundred dollars for a pound av lead."

CHAPTER VI.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

"IT must be a mistake," gasped Eli, turning white about the gills.

"I should think it was; a mistake that's cost ye a hundred dollars."

"Uncle Gregory wouldn't skin me like this."

"Faith, he has done it. For the matther of that, though, Misther Eli, I misdoubt if he's yer uncle at all."

"Oh, but he must be."

"Why, thin?"

"Why, gosh darn it! how would he know all about me if he wasn't?"

"From the other chap."

"What other chap?"

"The gint yez call Mr. Lathers."

"But he didn't know me."

"Can ye swear to that?"

"Of course I can. Why, he mistook me for a friend of his named Wilkinson."

"Oho! he mistook yez for his friend Wilkinson, did he, now?"

And Barney O'Reirdon laughed long and loudly.

"Well, 'pon my worrd!" he said, "but yez are the softest young gentleman I ever see yet."

"Me soft?" cried Eli, firing up.

"As soft as new chaze. Whoi, ye have granehorn painted on yer forehead."

"Ah, go easy now," said Eli, angrily.

"Do you really mane to say ye don't tumble to the game yet?" demanded Barney.

"No, I don't," snapped Eli.

"Well, listen, thin. Yer friend Mr. Lathers an' yer Uncle Gregory, as ye call him, is partners."

"Are they?" sneered Mr. Skillings.

"And they is loikewise unmitigated blaggards."

Eli looked at the lead pipe, and thought so too.

"Now, Mr. Lathers sees yez in the strate. An' the minute he claps eyes on ye, so grane an' innocent yez look, he says to hisself, 'Begobs! them's my mutton kidneys,' or words to that effect."

"Well?"

"Thin he spakes to yez, and pretends he knows ye?"

"So he did," replied Eli, now beginning to be convinced that the Irishman knew what he was talking about.

"An' ye tell him he's mistook, and that yer somebody else?"

"Of course."

"He apologizes, don't he?"

"I should think he did—eh, Tip?"

"'E was the politest gent I hever saw."

"They all is," said Barney, grinning. "It's their chief stock-in-thrade. Well, ye spoke together a little whoile?"

"We did."

"And ye tould him all about yerself?"

"I did tell him where I came from."

"And that ye was looking for yer uncle?"

"Come to think of it, I did mention his name. Didn't I, Tip?"

"I believe you did."

"Av course, ye gave yerself clane away—that's about the amount of it. An' that was all the spalpeen was afther."

"But what good did that do him?"

"Oh! murdher an' mush! Can't yez see it yet?"

"I'll swear I can't."

"He found out all about ye he wanted."

"Well, s'pose he did?"

"Thin he went off an' posted his partner."

"By Jingo!" cried Tip, "I begin to hunderstand."

"To be sure ye do. It's an' ould swindle, and many a wiser man than you has been sucked in by it before."

Green as the boys both were, Barney's explanation made the truth perfectly plain to them.

They had, indeed, fallen victims to a plot frequently practiced on the unsuspecting stranger in the great city.

Eli Skillings was disgusted.

Not only with his bad fortune but with his own greenness.

Besides, he had been talking so loudly about his experience of the metropolis that the fact of his having been so easily fleeced by a trick every street-boy knows made him ashamed of himself.

"Never mind, though," he said. "Let that fellow keep out of my way—that's all."

"Yer Uncle Gregory, do ye mane?" demanded Barney, grinning.

"Darn Uncle Gregory. You know who I mean, well enough."

And he clinched his fists with an expression that boded no good for the person he did mean.

Before Barney had time to reply, a noise behind them attracted their attention.

The trampling of feet and cries of "Stop thief!" filled the air.

Coming down the street at full speed was a man without a hat, followed by a mob half a block in his rear.

Fear evidently lent the fugitive wings, and he was rapidly distancing his pursuers when Eli recognized him.

It was the bogus Uncle Gregory, Grimball himself.

"Darn you, you tarnation deadskin," shouted the pilgrim from Cuttyhunk, "I've got you now."

And, to the astonishment of his companions, he precipitated himself on the fugitive just as he was passing.

Grabbing him by the throat, he tripped him up, and the pair rolled in the gutter together.

They were struggling there when the pursuing party came up.

The policeman who led it seized Uncle Gregory at once, and dragging him to his feet, commenced clubbing him with great vigor, crying:

"You infernal counterfeiter! I'll teach you to make me run half a mile after you in this hot weather."

"What 'as he been doing, hofficer?" inquired Tip.

"Doing! Why, passing counterfeit money."

"Was it lead?" asked Eli.

"Not much it wasn't. It was greenbacks."

"Greenbacks?"

"Yes. He came into a cigar-store and pulled out a ten-dollar note to pay for a couple of cigars. The man gave him change and then found the bill was counterfeit. Instead of stopping to be arrested like a decent man, he started off at a gallop, and I had to run the legs off of me to catch him. Take that, you blackguard, to teach you better manners!"

And he dealt the unfortunate Uncle Gregory another rap on the skull which ought to have fractured it.

Here another policeman who had come up suggested the advisability of searching the prisoner.

In spite of his struggles, this was done, and a roll of bank-notes was produced from his vest-pocket.

Eli and Tip recognized them at once.

They were the notes the seedy stranger had picked up and forced Eli to take.

Before the latter could claim them, which he was about to do, the officer who was examining them said:

"Just as I thought. They're all counterfeits."

And so they were.

It was a clear case of diamond cut diamond.

The sleek but seedy stranger had practiced on the boys what is known as the "Pocket-book Dropping Game."

Eli had given him a good five-dollar bill for ten bad ten-dollar ones.

Then, when Uncle Gregory wanted the additional hundred dollars, he said was in the package of gold, he had given him the counterfeit notes.

In his eagerness the swindler had not stopped to examine them.

So one rogue had actually fleeced another, while their victim actually came out the winner.

The twenty-dollar piece in the package was genuine.

It had been placed there in case the suspicions of a victim should become aroused, when the confidence operator would open the end of the roll and show the single gold piece in it.

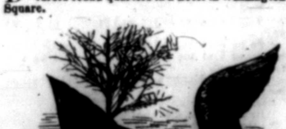
With the double eagle safe in his pocket, Eli was fifteen dollars better off than he had been before he bought the package of lead with five dollars' worth of bad bank-notes.

As for the swindled swindler, after being battered senseless by the policeman in revenge for the long chase he had led that worthy, he was hauled off to the station-house.

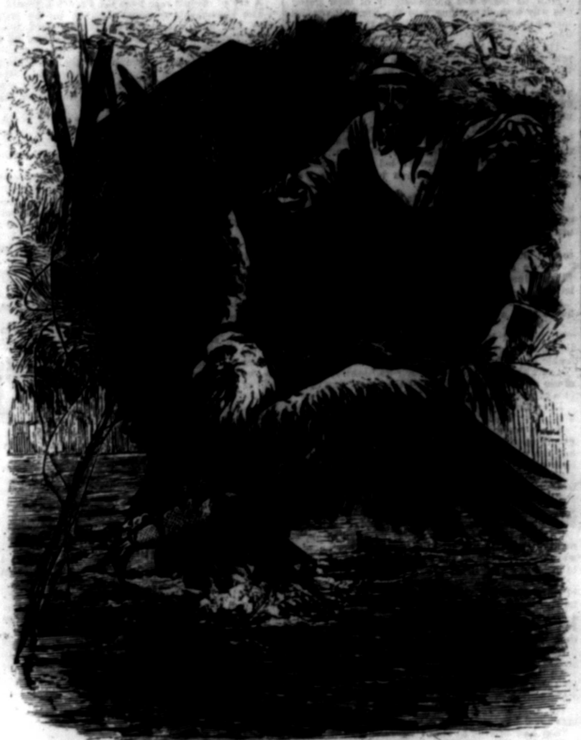
CHAPTER VII.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ELEVATED.

DIRECTED by Barney, our two verdant adventurers found quarters in a hotel in Washington Square.



A PLUCKY LITTLE GIRL.



SOME NEW FISH STORIES.—A FISH-HAWK CAPTURES A TROUT WITH A LINE AND POLE ATTACHED, AND IS SHOT BY THE ANGLER.

It was an extensive private establishment, patronized by officers from the steamships and theatrical people.

The proprietor was a good-natured little Englishman, who welcomed them cordially, and gave them a roomy apartment with two camp-beds in it, and a parrot in a cage, that swore like a truck-driver.

Barney O'Reirdon hied him to his own home, which was somewhere in the wilds of Harlem, leaving his late companions to take care of themselves.

"And don't yez go foindin' any more uncles," he said, at parting. "Ye mayn't be so lucky the next time."

After a good night's rest they found themselves next morning with the day on their hands, and applied to the landlord for a suggestion how to spend the time.

The latter suggested Coney Island.

"Where his Coney Hisland?" demanded Tip.

"It's a place down the bay," responded the landlord; "only you go there and you'll have some high old fun."

"That's what we're after," said Eli.

"Then you'll be sure to be satisfied."

Accordingly, after breakfast the sight-seers informed themselves how to reach the Island, and set out.

Their intention was to take the Elevated Railroad down-town, and they went to the Bleecker Street station, which was the nearest.

Here again Eli's extreme confidence in himself, or, to use a vulgar but expressive term, his excessive "freshness," got them into trouble.

The member from Cuttyhunk had never been on the elevated road in his life, and had not the slightest idea how to embark.

Still he would not reveal his ignorance.

Tip was about to inquire of a passer-by which stairs to take to ascend, when he stopped him.

"Blame it all," he said; "I know the ropes. Don't you go giving yourself away like that."

And instead of leading him up the stairs to the platform on the west side of the street, which was the one used by the trains going down-town, they climbed those on the east, leading to the cars going up.

Consequently, after buying their tickets, they found themselves waiting for a train to take them to Central Park instead of Coney Island.

Some accident had occurred down the road, and the train for which they were waiting was long in coming.

Quite a crowd occupied the platform when they reached it, and the delay augmented the throng until the station was packed.

Our friends stood on the outer edge of the platform, and with difficulty kept themselves from being pushed off on the track by the impatient throng behind them.

Next to them were two young girls, dressed in the height of fashion, who, to judge from the way they chatted together, were intimate friends.

One was a lovely blonde, of at most sixteen, while her companion was an equally charming brunette of the same age.

Several times the pressing crowd almost shoved them off the platform, and at last Eli turned, and cried, indignantly:

"It's a pity you people can't keep quiet back there—darn me if it ain't!"

"Who are you talking to, greeny?" called a voice from the crowd.

"To blackguards like you," answered Eli. "Gentlemen don't try to break ladies' necks."

"Who is trying to break any lady's neck?"

"You seem to be."

"You're altogether too fresh, young hayseed," said the voice, sneeringly. "Take care of yourself, and you'll have enough to do."

"I'd be willing to take care hof you," put in Tip, coming to his friend's support.

"Cheese it, English," called the man in the crowd; "can't you hear Bow Bells ringing?"

This raised a laugh, and Tip's round face grew as scarlet as a robin's breast with wrath.

"Honly wait till I see who you har," he said; "you'll 'ear somethink besides bells ringing."

"Oh! come, now, Cockney, you wouldn't hurt me, would you?"

"Poor little dumpling," said another voice. "He wouldn't hurt a sick cockroach."

"He's a darling," said the first voice.

"And a daisy," added the second.

"A dumpling," continued the first.

"And a lamb," remarked the other.

"Oh! He's too sweet to live," squealed a shrill boy somewhere in the crowd. "He ought a' died coming over, and been buried."

"No, he oughtn't," screamed another.

"Why oughtn't he?"

"Because he'd a' pizened the fishes."

This last insult capped the climax.

The crowed roared with laughter, and Tip, who had been glaring around trying to pick his tormentors out of the crowd, lost what little temper he had left.

"You hill-mannered blackguards," he cried. "I'd give ha fi'-pun note to 'ave you one hafter hanother on level ground."

"Well, here's one for you now," called the man who had spoken first. "You can't bullyrag Americans in a free country, you chunk of Cockney impudence."

And the speaker strove to push his way through the crowd.

Now the people had listened and laughed, amused at the queer figure Tip cut in his anger.

But they were not disposed to permit any brutality, for the young Englishman was manifestly in the right.

Consequently, when his insulter threatened violence, a hundred voices cried:

"Shame! shame!"

The man, however, continued pushing forward, when the people on the platform closed in around him to keep him back.

This movement pressed those on the outside forward.

A wild shriek rent the air, and a cry of horror escaped a hundred lips.

One of the two young girls in whose defense our friends had first spoken had been pushed off the platform, and had fallen headlong on the track.

She struck her head, and lay stunned and senseless across the rails.

At the same time the long-delayed train came thundering up the track, driven at full speed to make up for lost time.

The young lady's companion was about to throw herself after her friend, when Tip caught her round the waist and held her back.

At the same moment Eli dropped lightly down upon the track.

A cheer that shook the whole platform rose as he snatched the senseless shape up in his strong arms.

Then, just as the train came thundering up to station, he sprang across to the down-track.

Another shout greeted the rescue, succeeded instantly by another outburst of consternation.

Coming down on the track on which Eli stood was another train, which no one, in the excitement, had noticed before.

The delegate from Cuttyhunk saw his peril as quickly as the spectators did.

He turned as white as the face of the senseless figure he clasped to his breast, but his nerve did not forsake him. He could not climb to the high platform on one side of him.

The up-train on his other hand barred escape in that direction.

And the down-train was within three yards of him, the engineer yelling, the whistle blowing, and the air-brakes shrieking as they were put hard down to try to stop the train.

Eli Skillings's quick eye detected but one avenue of escape, and he adopted it in a flash.

The space between the up and down tracks was open, and he could see the sidewalk below.

Dropping through this gap, with his arm twisted around the end of one of the sleepers on which the track rested, he swung there while the train, whose mangling wheels he had so narrowly escaped, rumbled over his head.

The strain of his own and the girl's weight was too much for the single arm which supported them, however.

He felt himself slipping, and seeing a street-car passing, let go. (To be continued.)

A PLUCKY LITTLE GIRL.

THE *Sackville* (Canada) *Post* says: "The other day an eagle visited the premises of Sheriff Botsford and seized a goose; a little girl of the sheriff's who was playing near by picked up a stick and ran to the rescue, but the king of birds undertook to manage both child and goose, and made an attack on the former, who defended herself with the stick and gave the alarm, till her mother ran to her assistance. The eagle did not then leave the field until the arrival of the man in charge of the sheriff's farm. The following day he visited the farm of Mr. Joseph Cook, and was shot by his son. He measured seven feet, tip to tip, between the wings.

ROPING-IN AN ALLIGATOR.

MISS CALEDONIA LINTON, who lives on Cottonwood Creek, near Richmond, Texas, was walking in the woods lately, when she met a large alligator. The young lady got a rope and, single-handed, tied the reptile about the neck. Then she dragged him two miles to her home.

SOME NEW FISH STORIES.

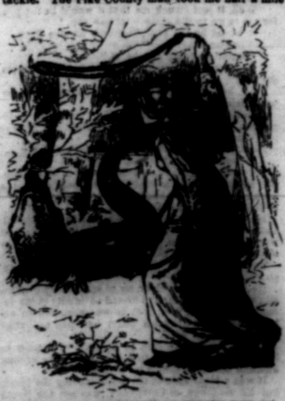
EX-POLICE JUSTICE JOHN SCOTT, of New York, returned a few days ago from a fishing excursion in the Pike County wilderness. With Messrs. John C. Westbrook and John Galliard, of Milford, he camped out three days on Little Walker Pond, and one day on Big Walker Pond. The former is supposed to contain trout. In the latter, the voracious and tenacious pickerel is alleged to lie in wait for the alluring spoon-hook and treacherous bait of the fishermen. The justice brought back with him a splendid specimen of cold in the head, and the following truthful account of some of his experiences in Pike County:

"I don't care so much about trout-fishing, but I told John C. Westbrook that if he knew of any place where I could get hold of some pickerel, there was where I wanted to go. So John C. said we'd go to the Walker ponds, because then I could take out what pickerel I wanted from one of the ponds, and he could capture his favorite trout in the other. 'The pickerel ain't very large in the Walker Pond,' said John; 'but they're plenty.' So we went to the Walker Pond.

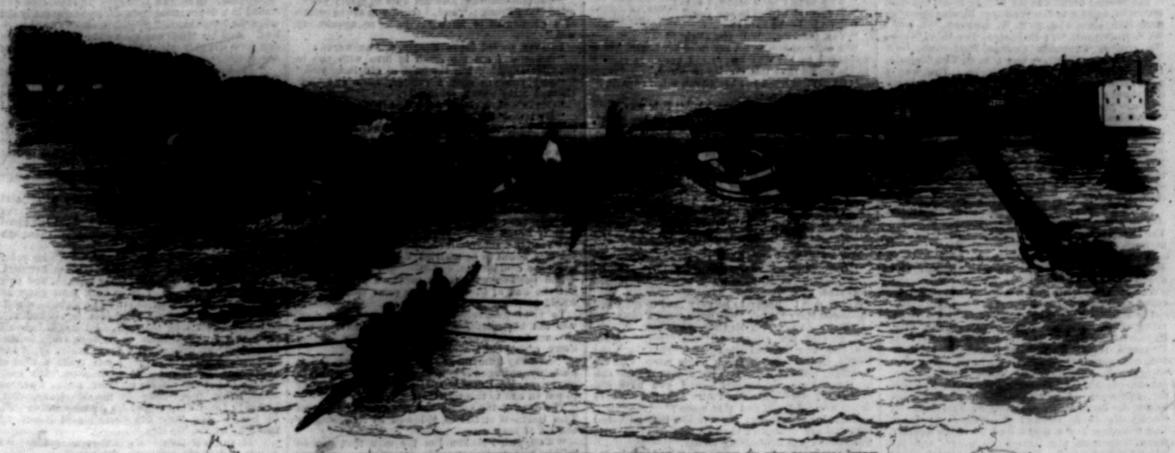
"Now, I'm giving you an idea of the size of the pickerel in that pond when I tell you that I used a shiner of ordinary size for bait. I fished three hours. Every little while I'd get what I thought was a bite. I'd yank up my hook and find nothing. What bothered me was that the shiner seemed as lively as when I first put the hook through him; and another thing puzzled me—the shiner began to swell out like a toad-fish. 'I believe that hook has poisoned that fish,' said I to myself; so I pulled him out of the water, took out my hook, and dropped the shiner in the bottom of the boat. He died in a little while. Then I thought I'd just open him, and see what was the matter. I found nine pickerel in him. The blamed pickerel were so small in that pond that the bait-fish had swallowed 'em.

"I quit and pulled to shore. John C. and Galliard were over in the Little Walker, fishing for trout. When I got ashore I found an old fellow that lived near the pond fishing for bullheads. 'Be you from the city?' he asked. I said I was. 'Ketchin' pick'rl?' he asked. I told him I wasn't. 'Want to?' he inquired. If I could get a hold of a few good ones, I told him, I'd be suited to death. 'Wud y' like t' pay a couple dollars t' git some good ones?' I replied that I would readily invest that much for a little genuine sport.

"The Pike County man stopped to attend to a bite on his line. He pulled out a bullhead the size of a pug dog, took it off his hook, dropped it in his boat on top of about half a bushel others, leisurely wound up his line and then said: 'Come 'long o' me.' I followed with my pail of bait-fish and my tackle. The Pike County man took me half a mile



ROPING-IN AN ALLIGATOR.—A PLUCKY GIRL IN TEXAS CAPTURES AN ALLIGATOR AND DRAGS IT HOME.



AMATEUR OARSMEN IN A GALE.—FINISH OF THE FOUR-OAR COLLEGE RACE, WON BY THE COLUMBIA CREW.

through the woods. There we came to a pond about the size of the fountain basin in the City Hall Park. 'Now, h'yer y'll have some fun,' he said. I was sweating and puffing like a horse after a four-mile race. 'I'll take the two dollars right h'yer,' he added. ''F you don't ketch any fish, y'll find me over t' Big Walker yankin bullheads, 'n I'll refund.' He showed me a box made with slats, and having a lid with leather hinges. One end was stuck down in the mud, and the box was half full of water. The countryman told me to open the lid and put my fish in that box as fast as I caught them, and that would keep them fresh and nice. I thanked him, and he went away with my two-dollar bill in his pocket.

"I began to fish. The first throw I caught a pickerel that would weigh two pounds easy. 'This is pretty good,' I thought. I kept on fishing, and every little while I'd haul out a pickerel. I put the fish all in the box, as I had been instructed to do by the Pike Countian. I caught twenty pickerel before it began to strike me as something singular that they were all as near one size as could be. After my twenty-fifth pickerel it occurred to me as being a little remarkable that there was so little commotion in the box. When I opened it and put my twenty-sixth pickerel in, I pulled it out on shore. There wasn't a fish in the box. One slat was off the end of the box that had been in the water, and the pickerel had passed back into the pond as fast as caught.

"I started back after the Pike County man. He had probably caught all the bullheads he wanted, for he was nowhere to be seen. Then I went over to Little Walker and told John C. about the twenty-six splendid pickerel I had caught, and how they had got away. John smiled.

"'Don't feel so bad, judge,' said he. 'You only lost one fish. That's old Bullhead Lee's pet pickerel. He's always hungry, and you've caught him twenty-six times.'

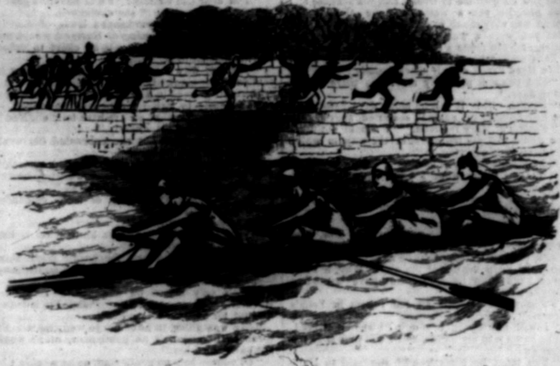
"But I had some good sport at Little Walker Pond. I had borrowed Ed Cahill's forty-dollar Conroy trout rod, thinking I might want a change from pickerel-fishing. John C. and Gailliard had caught some nice trout in the pond, and the last day we were there they thought they would go over and try their luck in Carr's Rock brook. It was a long walk, and I concluded to stay at the pond and try Cahill's rod and flies. Our tent was near the shore of the pond.

"John C. had taken his rifle along, in hope that we might run across a bear or so and fetch 'em down. I fished a good part of the day, and didn't have much luck. Along toward evening, I saw a big trout jumping for flies about twenty feet from shore, opposite the tent.

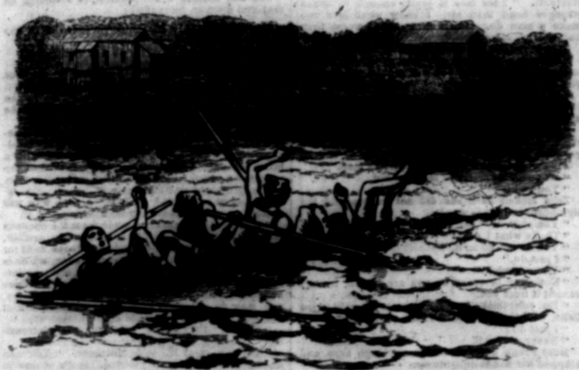
"I stood on the shore, and dropped my flies over where the trout was making out a supper. He nabbed one of my hooks quicker than lightning, and the next minute was making the reel hum as he rushed out toward the middle of the pond. He took every foot of line that was on the reel before he stopped, and when he stopped, he leaped out of the water—well, two feet. I thought sure I'd lose him, for he tugged like a harpooned whale.

"While I was trying to reel in some of the line, I saw a flash of something that seemed to drop from the sky, and then heard a plunge in the water. There was a great splash and struggle in the pond for a second or two, and then I saw a monster fish-hawk sailing off with my trout. Before I could recover from my surprise, the forty-dollar rod was jerked out of my hands, and followed the hawk and fish.

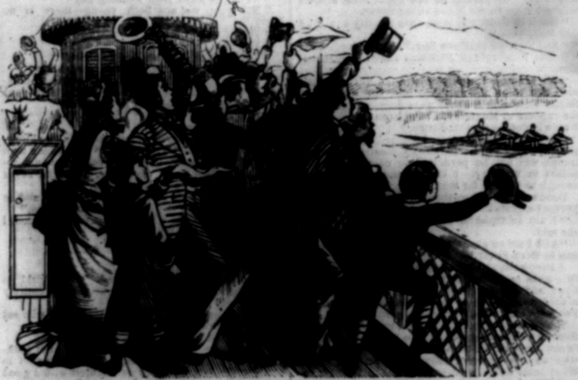
"There was only one thing to do. John C.'s rifle stood against a tree ten feet away. I jumped for it. The hawk didn't look much bigger than a pigeon, and the trout-rod had dwindled to a schoolboy's arrow. I drew a bead. The ball went where it was sent; the hawk tumbled into the middle of the pond. I rowed out, and found it dead in the water. It's talons still grasped the trout, and the line and rod were still attached to the fish. I had to cut the tendons of the hawk's claws to get 'em loose. The trout weighed nearly two pounds.



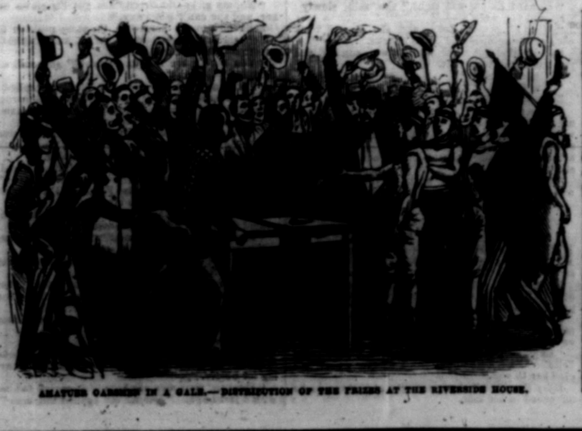
AMATEUR OARSMEN IN A GALE.—SPECTATORS ON THE BANK CHEERING THEIR FAVORITES.



AMATEUR OARSMEN IN A GALE.—SWAMPING OF THE WESLEYAN BOAT IN THE COLLEGE RACE.



AMATEUR OARSMEN IN A GALE.—SPECTATORS ON THE "MIDLAND" APPLAUDING THE COLUMBIA CREW.



AMATEUR OARSMEN IN A GALE.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES AT THE RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

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AMATEUR OARSMEN IN A GALE.

THE Metropolitan Association of Amateur Oarsmen held their third annual regatta on July 4th. The Hudson River opposite Washington Heights was chosen as the sea of contention. Unluckily, the water became so rough, early in the day, that the promised rowing-matches turned out to be but little more than swimming matches, for eleven crews were "dumped" into the river, one after another—the Wesleyan, Carman, Argonauts, Pioneer, Nereus, Columbia (of Brooklyn), Resolute, Nautilus, Carman Six, Ariel, and Dauntless—and as these crews swam ashore, they presented a pretty "washed-out" appearance. But no sooner were the gallant amateurs emptied of their cargo of water than the sport was renewed with redoubled vigor. There was a great deal of grumbling at the way the whole affair was managed; but we must make a great allowance for the state of the weather and the poorness of the attendance, in comparison to the crowds that were expected.

The association has been very unlucky in all its races. The first one, held on the Kill von Kull, was declared to be a very poor affair; the next one, rowed at Pleasant Valley, on the Hudson, proved to be worse than the first; this year, the course was marked out from One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street to One Hundred and Forty-third Street, opposite Washington Heights, and proved to be worse then either of the other two.

The officers of the association did everything they could, under the circumstances, to have everything pass off pleasantly, and are to be congratulated over the manner in which they struggled against wind and water.

The first race was for four-oared shells, and was started at eleven o'clock, the crews being: Atalanta Boat Club—W. H. Downs, bow; G. P. Seeley, H. G. McVicker; J. E. Eustis, stroke. Carman Rowing Association, Carmansville—J. Banks, bow; R. B. Saul, S. F. Knapp, Jr.; A. E. Mills, stroke. Both rowed along, shipping water constantly, with the Atalantas continually increasing their lead. After passing the mile they stopped to bail out, and finished over four lengths in advance in 8min. 25⅘ sec.

The second event was for college fours, the rival crews belonging to the Wesleyan Rowing Association, Middleton, Conn.—E. W. Mattison, '82, bow; W. S. McDonald, '82; E. Barnes, 79; E. A. White, '79, stroke. Columbia College Boat Club, New York—Charles Eldridge, bow; A. H. Van Sinderin, B. B. Muller; T. A. Painter, stroke. This was a good race until near the finish, the Columbias keeping about a length lead until off the Resolute boathouse. Then the Wesleyans took a bath, and the Columbias finished in 10min. 12¾sec.

In the junior singles were: Waverley, Daniel Lynch; Union, A. P. Schneider; Meteor, Hoboken, F. C. Walter; Empire, Hoboken, Benjamin F. Barnes; Seawanhaka, Greenpoint, James Pilkington. Fouls and capsizes were many in this race, and though Schneider finished, the referee decided that the race should be rowed over again.

In the four-oared junior gig race, the Carman and Atalanta crews swamped first; then the Pioneers. The Columbia, of Brooklyn, finally plunged through in 9min. 43¾sec.

James Pilkington, Seawanhaka, beat J. S. C. Wells, of the Athletics, in the senior singles, by a dozen lengths, in 12min. 51¾sec.

The Resolute Club had a walk-over in the eight-oared shell race.

The six-oared gig race promised to be a very exciting affair. The crews were: Dauntless—E. F. Raynord, bow; S. B. Hazard, S. B. Pomeroy, J. D. Freeman, H. W. Walters, D. Roach; J. C. Egerton, coxswain. Carman—D. De Long, bow; A. J. Keegan, J. Banks, R. B. Saul; S. F. Knapp, Junior, captain; A. E. Mills, stroke; G. U. Cushing, coxswain. Ariel, Newark—R. Ross, Junior, bow; J. Bennett, C. Oakley, F. Freeman, W. Mack; M. Jury, stroke; E. Slagg, coxswain. The Carmans had a slight lead up to the quarter, when they took the Dauntless's water, and the latter claimed a foul. This gave the Ariels a slight lead. The Dauntless, near the mile, again took second place, and about here the Carmans were swamped, and a minute latter, both of the other crews found themselves in the water. The Carmans then swam ashore, righted their gig, and came in first, and the Dauntless bailed theirs out, and came in second. Although the referee admitted the claim of the Dauntless to two palpable fouls against the Carman crew, he awarded the race to the Carmans.

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER XLI.

A BRIDE FOR ESTEVAN.

MARY FRANK was delighted with Mexico. She thought the valley of Mexico, with its silvery lakes, its picturesque woodland and cultivated plains, its shining city and shadowy hills, the most glorious prospect she had ever beheld.

The Mexicans were vanquished at Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Churubusco, and then Santa Anna obtained an armistice to give his beaten army breathing-time.

Again the Mexicans were defeated at Molino Del Rey and Chapultepec, and soon the guns of General Worth's division were battering at the Garita San Cosme.

The tidings of the advance of the United States army were obtained every day by Richard Eaton, at the Café Del Sud, a favorite resort of the English and American portion of the population, and he brought them to the ladies at the house.

"General Scott will soon be in the city now," he told Mary Frank.

"And then we shall see Roy," she rejoined.

Donna Eusebia and Feliciana showed apprehension.

"We are near the point where the North Americans will force an entrance into the city," said Donna Eusebia. "There were dreadful scenes at the capture of Monterey, I have been told. I hope they will not be repeated here."

"Fear nothing," answered Richard Eaton. "My presence here will be sufficient protection; and our troops will not be permitted to commit any excesses in the city. I know General Scott well enough to answer for that."

Donna Eusebia breathed a sigh of relief, and beamed a grateful smile upon Richard Eaton.

"I am so thankful that you paid us this visit," she said.

"And I am so glad that you came!" cried Feliciana to Mary Frank.

A strong friendship had sprung up between these two girls, so unlike in form, feature and disposition; and the fact that Mary Frank was the accepted sweetheart of Roy Bellingham, only made Feliciana have a more tender regard for her.

They concocted a little piece of mischief between them, which was no less than to make a match between Richard Eaton and Donna Eusebia. One was an old bachelor, the other an old maid. What could be more proper than to bring them together?

They had a good laugh at Donna Eusebia over Colonel Falcon. She had lost her heart to this gay officer in his handsome uniform, and when Zelia's true sex was revealed to her, her chagrin can very well be imagined.

Mary Frank was fond of taking long rides on horseback along one of the causeways that led from the city, between two of the lakes, in the direction of the mountains. Feliciana often accompanied her, but there were days when she went alone.

Mary never dreamed that these rides were watched. She never noticed the small figure, in its sombre frock and cowl, that followed her movements.

The sun had sunk, and a gray gloom was gathering in the air, when Mary Frank found herself in a lonely neighborhood.

She had ridden further than was her wont that day, and the coming night had surprised her some distance from the house of Donna Eusebia Santmanet.

Great was her surprise when a number of men rushed from the gateway of a wall that surrounded a secluded dwelling, grasped her horse by the bridle and led it swiftly through the gate, which closed behind her with a sudden clang. Then she recovered sufficiently from her surprise to demand:

"What is the meaning of this?"

"Fear nothing!" was the answer, from a man who now approached her, coming from the house, which she could dimly distinguish in the gloom.

Mary Frank recognized that voice at once.

"Captain Estevan!" she cried, with a feeling of relief.

"Even so, señorita.

"Why have I been brought here?"

"Your aunt wishes to see you."

"Zelia! Is she here?"

"Yes, señorita. Will you alight?"

She suffered him to lift her from her horse, but it appeared to her that he pressed her more closely to his breast than this service required.

"Be careful what you are about, señor captain!" she cried, sharply.

"Pardon me," he stammered. "This way."

He extended his hand to lead her into the house, but she did not take it.

"Go on, sir, and I will follow you," she said, drawing her slight figure up in a dignified manner.

He bowed, and led the way into the house.

Estevan conducted Mary into a saloon, which was handsomely furnished and brilliantly lighted.

Zelia, wearing the dress of a Mexican lady of rank, and looking radiantly beautiful, stood in the centre of the apartment, evidently expecting her coming. Estevan retired, leaving the two ladies together.

Mary advanced to Zelia, regarding her curiously.

"Well, auntie, here you are at last!" she cried.

She kissed her affectionately, but Zelia returned the caress coldly.

"You don't appear to be very glad to see me," continued Mary Frank. She drew back a few steps to admire Zelia's rich Mexican costume. "Well, you do look just gorgeous!" she cried. "What are you now—Donna Bellerino? That is what Donna Eusebia twists Roy's name into. You are no longer Colonel Falcon—what a dapper little colonel you were, to be sure!—and you have discarded the monk's frock of Padre Agapito. Where in the world did you find that name?"

Zelia was silent; but the wrinkle that gathered between her eyebrows showed that Mary Frank's free speech was displeasing to her.

"Well, I must say that I think this dress is decidedly more becoming to you than the other two. Have you tired of your masquerading as a man? Will you go with me to Donna Eusebia's house? I can promise you a welcome there—though the donna was very much exercised when she learned that you were a woman. She has a susceptible heart, and you made a handsome-looking man."

Zelia smiled here; but that smile quickly faded when Mary Frank added, mischievously:

"And you will probably meet Roy there before many days."

"Foolish girl! It will be many days before you see Roy Bellingham again!" she cried, angrily.

"Foolish!" Mary rejoined. "I should not think you would call me foolish after the way in which you have been carrying on!"

Zelia looked darkly at her.

"Do you know what I have done?" she demanded, uneasily.

"I know that you prevented me from meeting Roy at Monterey!"

"Why should I?"

"Because he loves *me* and you love *him*," answered Mary Frank, boldly. "And you have been foolish enough to think that he might marry you if you could keep me out of the way. Why, if I had never been born he would not have wasted a thought on you."

These words aroused all the venom in Zelia's nature.

"I will not spare her now!" she muttered. "The game is in my hands, and I will play it to the bitter end."

"You think he loves you?" she said to Mary Frank.

"I *know* it. I am his promised wife."

"Have you fixed your wedding-day?"

"Not yet; we are both young—there is no hurry."

"Then I will fix it for you."

"You?"

"Yes; you shall be wedded to-night."

"To-night?" cried Mary Frank, surprisedly.

"To-night!" replied Zelia, with fierce determination. "You shall be married to-night, but your bridegroom will not be Roy Bellingham."

"Who then?"

"Captain Estevan!"

Mary Frank was quick of perception, as we know.

"Oh, oh! I see!" she cried. "That young man is perfectly willing to take me, even if I should object—which I do, most decidedly. You can never marry me to your ranchero captain."

"Don Estevan Morales is his name in full, and he is a scion of one of the best families in Mexico."

"I don't care if he was the Emperor of Mexico, I would not have him!"

"I will force you!"

"You cannot!"

Zelia smiled darkly.

"You will see," she answered. "Silly girl! do you not understand that you are utterly and entirely at my mercy here?"

"I will appeal to those two rough men who set me free before!" cried Mary Frank, quickly.

Zelia laughed mockingly.

"They are not here; there is none here but Estevan and his wild rancheros, who are devoted to him and me. You may as well submit with a good grace, for there is no escape for you."

Mary Frank gazed upon Zelia like one in a bewildering trance of amazement.

"Richard Eaton was right," she said, slowly; "he said you were a——"

"What?" gasped Zelia, and she started back with gleaming eyes and pallid cheeks.

She dreaded the word she felt was coming, and yet was eager to hear it.

"Mischief-maker."

"Was that all?"

Zelia breathed a sigh of relief and smiled.

"It is enough. I am charitable toward you in my thoughts, Zelia. You must be crazy, or you would never act as you are now doing. You cannot be my aunt, my father's sister—or else some evil spirit has taken possession of your breast. Or else this is a jest that you are practicing upon me."

"Mary Frank, in half an hour you will be the wife of Estevan Morales!" was the stern answer.

CHAPTER XLII.

A STRANGE WEDDING.

ERE long the door of the apartment opened, and Estevan came in. He was followed by a priest and four of his most presentable rancheros.

Mary Frank cast a searching glance into the priest's face as he entered, but she saw that an appeal to him would be useless.

From the creole priest her eyes wandered to the faces of the rancheros. She could not hope for aid or sympathy from them.

"Captain Estevan, your bride is ready," said Zelia. "I am here to perform a mother's part, and give her to you."

Mary Frank looked appealingly at Estevan as he advanced to her side.

"Captain Estevan, I do not wish to marry you!" cried Mary Frank; "and, I trust, you are too much of a gentleman to force me to do so against my will."

Estevan smiled deprecatingly, and answered:

"Señorita, I am too much in love with you to consider anything but the hope of obtaining you."

"Ah! you are only a robber, after all!" exclaimed Mary Frank, scornfully.

Estevan's dark visage flushed at this.

"My father has a fine estate in New Leon," he said; "and the name of Morales is well-known and honored in Mexico. He would gladly welcome you as a daughter."

"I shall never visit New Leon in your company, Captain Estevan," replied Mary Frank, with decision.

"Words are idle!" exclaimed Zelia. "Take her hand, Estevan." And she added to the priest, in his language: "Begin the ceremony, father."

Mary Frank looked around her in a dazed and bewildered manner. It really appeared to her as if she was about to be married, despite all the opposition she could make.

The position was by no means a pleasant one, but she was at a loss to devise some measure that would extricate her from it.

To yield passively to this ceremony, however, was not her intention. Therefore, when Estevan advanced to take her hand she pushed him forcibly away, crying out:

"Go away from me, sir! Good heavens, this is perfectly outrageous! Don't you dare to try to marry me, Mr. Priest! Oh! isn't there somebody to put an end to this treacherous work?"

The door of the saloon was flung wide open, and Tom Hartnett strode in, followed by Ned Graghty and six of his men.

"Well, girl, I reckon I'm the man that can do it!" he said, in his resounding tones.

Mary Frank uttered a scream of joy, and sprang to his side.

"You dear Old Grizzly! I was never so glad to see any one in my life!" she exclaimed.

Estevan and Zelia exchanged looks of dismay. Both knew that the coming of Hartnett would mar their scheme; but Zelia made an effort to induce him to consent to it.

"Tomaso, why are you here, and with what intention?" she inquired.

Hartnett grinned in a very expressive manner.

"I've come to forbid the banns," he replied, jocosely. "That's what we are here for; eh, Ned?"

"Begorra, that's it, exactly."

Zelia was furious, but she concealed her wrath beneath a smiling face.

"Why should you interfere?" she asked, smoothly. "This girl is my niece, and I was about to bestow her in marriage upon Captain Estevan."

"Whether she was willing or not?" demanded Hartnett, sternly.

Zelia smiled constrainedly.

"Young girls do not always know what is best for them," she answered.

"I know what is best for her!" cried Mary Frank. "She ought to be put in a strait-jacket—she's out of her senses, if ever a woman was."

"She's only insane on one point," responded Hartnett, with a grim smile; "and I'll kill that maggot for her this very night."

"She was going to force me to wed Captain Estevan here—and he's no gentleman, or he would not have aided her."

"Of course he's no gentleman, or he wouldn't be in this crowd. You hit it that time, my jewel!" cried Ned Graghty.

"Well, well, there's some excuse for him," said Hartnett. "Your face is pretty enough to turn a stronger head than his. I know what love can make a man do. It gets in his head worse than bad whisky, sometimes."

Zelia shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, you've won," she answered, pretending to laugh. "I suppose you will set the girl free, as you did before?"

"That's one of my calculations."

"Let the priest go, then; we have no use for him."

"Oh, yes, we have. He came here for a marriage, and it would be a pity to disappoint him. I guess we can fix a wedding for him."

Zelia stared amazedly into Hartnett's face.

"Who can he marry?" she inquired.

"You and me!"

Zelia looked as if she did not comprehend the significance of these words.

"You and me?" she said, slowly.

"That's what I said."

"You do not mean it?"

"I just do."

"You are mad!"

"Not near as crazy as you are; or, if I am, I caught it from you."

"Do you think that I will marry you?" cried Zelia, with the greatest disdain.

"I just do!"

"Never, never!"

Mary Frank burst into a merry laugh here, and clapped her hands delightedly.

"Good, good! it's your turn now, auntie! How do you like it? Not so funny now, is it? And there isn't any Old Grizzly to save you as there was me."

"No, my girl; Old Grizzly has got his claws on her, and she can't get away."

Zelia now found herself in the same position in which she had placed Mary Frank, and a similar question arose to her lips.

"You surely are not in earnest?" she said to Hartnett.

"I was never more so in my life," he replied; and his manner was more impressive than his words.

Zelia glared fiercely at him, and her right hand fumbled nervously at the breast of her dress.

"Beware! you know not to what you may drive me!" she hissed, between her teeth—those teeth that glistened like pearls in a ruby setting.

"Don't you draw a dagger on me," he rejoined. "It will be worse for you if you do. You can't settle me as you did Romano Falcon. I'm a different sort of a customer from him."

She removed her hand from the hilt of the concealed dagger as if she felt convinced of this.

"I will appeal to the band!" she cried. "Men, will you permit this?"

There was silence for a moment, and then it was broken by Ned Graghty, who said:

"Begorra! they will, ma'am. They think that Tomaso deserves some reward for all he has done for you."

"Yes, yes!" came from the band, in a unanimous chorus.

Zelia shivered as she heard it.

She began to realize that she was caught in one of those snares she had been so industrious in weaving for others.

"Estevan, your men are here!" she cried to him, with a last hope. "Defend me against this man!"

The ranchero captain shrugged his shoulders, and smiled in a deprecating manner, as he generally did when he found himself placed in an awkward position. And his mind was somewhat disturbed as he saw Ned Graghty place his hand upon the butt of one of the pistols in his belt, significantly.

"Pardon me, señora," he answered, "but Tomaso is our chief, and I cannot oppose his wishes. Besides, it would be very bad taste in me to object to his taking a wife in the same manner that I sought one."

"Sensible to the last!" muttered Graghty. "These Mexicans are cute. He knows I'd have blown the top of his head off in a jiffy, if he had dared to interfere."

Zelia was fairly dismayed. If ever her courage failed her it was at that moment.

"You see, there isn't a chance for you," said Hartnett.

He took her by the right wrist and led her apart from the others, where they could not hear the words he addressed to her.

"Look here," he continued, and though his voice was low, it sounded terribly impressive in her ears. "You've played off on me long enough, and now I'm going to stop it. I have seen your game all along, and I knew you never had a sight to win it. I humored you because your face bewitched me, as it has better men than me. I thought I should get you if I wasn't killed off by your crazy freaks. I love you—oh, you can lift those pretty eyebrows of yours, but it's a fact! I can make a kind of queen out of you up in Chihuahua. It's easy enough to get fine estates up there, as the Apaches make living there risky to the Mexicans. But, lordee! I can whip the whole Apache nation with my band! And they say there's gold mines up that way by the Rio Gila."

"Go and win them," she answered, coldly; "I do not wish to share wealth with you."

The horny fingers th[illegible]ircled her wrist tightened their clutch.

"You must!" he rejoined.

"Must? I would plunge my own dagger in my own heart first!" [To be continued.]

"Roy the Ranger" was commenced in No. 661.

The Chums at Harvard College.

(A SEQUEL TO ORVILLE AND DAN.)

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," INVENTIVE BEN," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING THICK-SKULLED.

AS Don Mortimer ended his speech of regret concerning the accident to Benkei, somebody rapped at the door of his room, and on his shouting "Come!" in walked the Japanese, whose appearance created a most profound sensation.

When you have just heard of a person's death it is a little startling to have him drop in and nod smilingly, as Ben did upon that occasion.

"Ah!" he quietly observed, saluting the amazed group, "I perceive you have learned the news. Well, in the words of our great warrior-statesman, Hidéyoshi, 'I still live!'"

"I thought our Daniel Webster made that saying immortal?" merrily remarked Mortimer, as he rose and shook the newcomer's hand. "I'm afraid it's another case of plagiarism."

Ben was nothing if not poetical, so assuming an oratorial manner, he replied:

"The gemmed lily blossoms in more than one
place or age;
The sages speak in all ages and countries."

"Bravo!" cried Don. "Now tell us about your accident. Where are your chums?"

Benkei described how he had ridden on to the track, and his sensation upon being struck by the locomotive, then said:

"The reason I sport a Turkish *fez* is this—it enables me to wear a pad of *mawatta* in my head-covering. When I fell I struck the stones with a force sufficient to have crushed my skull, but my precaution saved me; I rebounded, and was merely temporarily rendered insensible."

"What is *mawatta*?" inquired a soph who was rather famous for his spills from a velocipede.

"It is an elastic wadding, made from the cocoons that have been pierced by the silk moths, or Udji, as we Japanese term them. Any cocoons unfit for reeling are worked up into this substance, which is warm in Winter and cool in Summer, and was formerly used in lining the armor of our warriors." Here he paused and modestly remarked: "But there, you men do not want to listen to a description of the manufacture of silk wadding."

"Go on!" they cried; "it's immensely interesting."

"Take a cigar?" said Mortimer. "You can smoke and talk as you proceed. It's a shame to ask you to instruct us so soon after your accident."

"Oh, that occurred some hours since," answered Ben, accepting a weed. "I forgot to tell you that my chums are all right, and will be here presently. They could not stop their machines as quickly as they wanted, and ran into the train, thus receiving a couple of flesh-wounds. I told them I would drop in here and show you the absurdity of the newspaper statement, while they changed their garments."

"Who sent this report of your death?" asked a soph, taking up the paper.

Ben's eyes rolled comically as he said:

"I had scarcely touched the granite pavement, when a reporter pounced upon me, and, grasping my hand, shook me, saying: 'Heigh, mister, are you alive?' Being only partly conscious, I could not reply, or open my jarred eyelids. 'Say,' bawled the news-seeker, as though shouting would arouse me, 'are you *much* hurt?' By that time I was aware of a dense crowd being packed about me, and I must, after that, have fainted, the last words I heard being, 'Guess he's dead enough; he's a Jap, ain't he? I'll telegraph the news to Boston!' When I came to my senses I found myself in bed, with my chums and a couple of doctors watching me."

"Yes," said Orville, who, with Dan, entered the room, "we thought it was all up with old Ben that time; he was insensible for over an hour."

"Ah, the *mawatta* pad saved me," said Benkei.

"Excuse me," said Dan—"the what?"

"The cushion of soft silk wadding I wore in my fez," replied the Japanese. "In my country, polo-players always have their helmets lined with that substance," adding, with a proud movement of his head: "I owe my life partly to the pad and partly to the superior thickness of my skull."

This speech made all the men smile, and one of them said, in a significant tone:

"Are you Japanese proud of being thick-headed?"

Benkei nodded, and answered:

"Yes. In our records of the grand, heroic deeds of the Hojo, the book called 'Nihon Guai Shi,' there is this sentence:

"'The warrior, strong and invincible,
Has a skull of granite.
He smiles at the blow of a battle-ax.
The bonze, who fights with his tongue,
Who scares women and children,
Has a skull like an eggshell.
Great and mighty is the warrior in war.
The bonze hides himself when the battle rages.'"

On hearing this, Orville winked at Dan and inquired:

"How is it, then, that *your* head is so hard?"

This question was not put to annoy Benkei, as every one present knew he had once been a bonze; it was merely asked in order to draw him out.

"I?" he replied, after twitching his mouth comically. "Oh, I inherited my thick skull from my ancestor, Benkei Tamai Sasnei, who lived about eighteen hundred years ago," adding, as his eyes twinkled with merriment: "It has been a long time *coming out*, but my experience of to-day has proved I am a true descendant of the great warrior."

"We are not anxious to be termed thick-headed," explained Don Mortimer, who desired to enlighten Ben. "With us it is a term of ridicule, or reproach."

Benkei discharged a puff of smoke through his nostrils, and smiling amiably, said:

"You Americans do not esteem some natural advantages as we Japanese do. For instance, in my country it is a great misfortune to be tall and thin. Such persons are called Cranes. You admire red hair; we abhor it, and represent evil demons as thus decorated. You deem a thick-skulled man an idiot; we envy him as one who is capable of taking a good crack on the head. Now, gentlemen, who shall decide which of us is right?"

"Give it up!" they cried.

"Come, boys," asked their host, "what will you drink? It isn't every evening we can listen to a lecture on Japanese customs by a subject of the Tenno."

Some said beer, others declined to take anything stronger than lemonade, and Benkei, desirious of showing how Americanized he had become, named milk.

Mortimer wrote an order on a card and sent it off by his scout, who soon returned with the various beverages.

The senior had added the word "punch" to that of "milk" for Ben, who, never having tasted the latter as a drink, immediately received the bottle containing the seductive mixture, and poured its contents into a big glass.

The rum had given the punch a reddish tinge, on noticing which, the Japanese shuddered; however, he conquered his aversion and waited for the others to fill their glasses.

"Boys," said Don Mortimer, "I propose the health of our friend, Yuzo Benkei. May he live to have many a tumble, and may none of them hurt him more than his last one."

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" cheered the party, after which all raised their bumpers, nodded smilingly at Benkei, and drained the vessels, Ben slowly following suit.

As the punch trickled across his palate, the freshman's look of repugnance changed to one of positive delight, and he closed his eyes with evident satisfaction.

"Now," cried Mortimer, "permit me to have your glasses replenished, and while it is being done, perhaps Benkei will favor us by more fully describing the substance he calls *mawatta?* I, for one, am thin-skulled, and fond of polo, and would like to have a cap lined with something to protect my head."

The scout retired with the trays, and Ben, who felt equal to anything, rose, saying:

"Gentlemen, it is the proud boast of my countrymen that the glory of Japan shall shine beyond the seas! By which we mean the same as you do when you say 'America can whip creation.' I am as much honored by your request to hear something about the productions of my native land as I am delighted with your milk. You have enlightened me, and I will endeavor to return your kindness."

At that instant the scout returned with more bottles, and as the party refilled their glasses, Orv whispered to Dan:

"I knew Ben would come to like milk after he had tasted ice-cream."

"Hush," signaled Dan; "he's going to speak again. Isn't he lively?"

"Gentlemen," said the Japanese, raising his replenished glass aloft, "this is the first time in my life I ever tasted your delicious drink—the milk of human kindness. Who invented it?"

"The cow!" was the laughing response.

"Then," cried Ben, becoming more and more excited every moment, "boys, I propose the health of the cow."

"Good enough!" shouted the merry fellows, as he drained his glass. "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

When the cheering was over, Benkei balanced himself and went on:

"I must beg of you to excuse me from describing the manufacture of *mawatta*. I can (hic) think only of the cow. Boys, I am converted. Heretofore I have (hic) abhorred *mi-lick*. I have sheen theerror ofmywash. I (hic) ha, ha, ha! *Naru hoda.* (Well, I never.) I'm 'Merican man, now. No more (hic) *Namu Amida Butsu* for Benkei Yuzo. Gimme mi-lick—more mi-lick. Ra, ha, ha, ha!"

After uttering the last word he reached forward, swept the trays, bottles and glasses on the floor, and pitched headlong upon the table. As he did so, his chums, who had been listening with amazed faces, sprang up and went to his assistance.

"What has he been drinking?" demanded Orv.

"Milk-punch," replied Don Mortimer. "He has only taken two glasses. I ordered what he asked for."

The senior was in earnest, the collegians always giving that particular beverage the name of "milk."

"Boys," said Orv, sorrowfully regarding his intoxicated chum, "this poor fellow has, you all know, been terribly shaken up, and has now, without being aware of it, imbibed two glasses of a mixture that has poisoned his blood and paralyzed his brain. No one will regret his misfortune more than he will. I ask you to keep it a secret."

"Certainly," they said.

Orville and Dan carried the insensible young man to his room, and after preparing a steaming hot bath, immersed him in it until he became conscious.

"Oh, chums," he moaned, as he held his aching head, "I'll never again—no, *never*—drink milk. It's worse than *saké*."

"Yes, when it's mixed with rum, as yours was," quietly answered Dan. "Another time, chum, ask for lemonade. That's a safer kind of tipple."

CHAPTER XIV.

BENKEI INSISTS UPON BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

JUST before the bell of Harvard Hall rang for prayers on Monday morning Don Mortimer tapped at the door of Benkei's room, and in answer to the latter's feeble "Come!" entered.

Ben was squatting upon his sleeping-mat, with his knees up to his chin, and his hands supporting his throbbing temples. He had shut himself up all day on Sunday.

"I'm sorry I misunderstood you on Saturday night," said the senior, as he gazed upon the miserable-looking freshman. "It's no good your trying to get up, my boy; you're not yet over the effects of the punch. After your accident you will not be expected to attend chapel, recitations or lectures."

"I hate to cut them," moaned Ben. "As for the mistake, Mortimer, I ought to have known that no cow ever gave milk flavored with Santa Cruz."

"Then you have tasted the latter before?" asked his visitor.

"Yes," groaned the sufferer, "years ago, when I was in Hakodate. I thought I recognized the flavor of it. I made an awful exhibition of myself, didn't I?"

"Well, yes, you did cut up rather comically," was the response. "You see, my dear fellow, your nerves were unstrung from that spill, and a very little sent you crazy."

"Mortimer," whispered the sufferer, "would you mind taking down that looking-glass and let me see myself?"

"I'd recommend you to leave it alone," said the senior. "You are not at your best, and if you take my advice will try to get some sleep. When the Proctor comes to see you don't say anything about the punch."

"Hello!" cried Dan, who just then entered the apartment. "How are you by this time, chum?"

"I feel ashamed of myself," answered Ben. "I promised you never again to indulge in intoxicating liquids—now look at me!"

He was certainly an unpleasant object, his eyes being bloodshot and protruding, his face flushed, and his features swollen as though he were suffering from the mumps.

Orv and Dan had been up with him until past two o'clock, and were still sleepy; however, compared with Benkei, they appeared as fresh as live trout.

"We'll darken your room, as we did yesterday," remarked Orville. "When old Johnnie comes get him to fetch you a cup of tea."

Johnnie was the scout who attended to their rooms.

"There goes the bell!" cried Dan. "Come, boys."

As soon as the sick man was alone again he rose with a painful effort, and after partly opening one of the shades, turned to the mirror, and steadying his shaking form by grasping the back of a chair, said, as he regarded his inflamed features:

"Oh, son of my parents, to what dishonor have you arrived? *Baka!* (idiot) is it thus you propose to make the glory of Japan shine beyond the seas? Is *this* a spectacle with which to entertain your American friends? Benkei Yuzo, you are a lamb—you are worse than that; you are a mud-wallowing toad! Out upon you! I despise you! Look at your horrible features—poisoned with that bestial mixture of milk and vile spirit! Never again, oh, son of my honorable parents, never again will I drink anything stronger than lemonade!"

"What, niver?" chuckled old Johnnie, who had silently let himself in and listened to the foregoing. "Bless yer soul, Mr. Benkei, I'll fix you in about two minutes. Come, you're not the only wan who feels shaky this blessed morning. Try a hair av the dog that bit you? Surely you're over the effects av the punch by this time. It's thirty-six hours since ye tuck it."

"Old man," sadly replied the Japanese, "I have not been bitten by a dog! I shall never recover my usual placid state—never, never! I feel as though I were possessed of several million demons."

The scout explained he meant the freshman should try a little of the beverage that had caused the mischief; however, Ben resolutely and sensibly refused to listen to such a thing, saying:

"Bring me some plain boiled rice and a pot of scalding hot water, with which to make me a cup of tea, then go to a photographer and ask him to come to my room right away."

"A what?" demanded the scout. "You mane a doctor, don't you?"

"No," moaned the Japanese, sinking upon his mat. "I said a *photographer*. I know what I want. I am not quite crazy."

"Will you take milk or crame wid your tay?" asked the man, who thought Ben was not right in his mind.

"Neither!" groaned the sufferer. "I've had enough of the former! Tell the photographer to bring an apparatus that will take an instantaneous portrait."

As Johnnie was on his way down the stairs he met the Proctor of the entry, who said:

"How is Mr. Benkei, O'Reilley? I've only this moment heard of his accident."

"He's decidedly del-ier-rei-house," answered the old man, who loved to use long words. "He refuses to have a doctor, and has sint me for a forty-grapher."

"Hum!" mused the official. "I'm sorry I did not call Doctor Cosway."

After knocking upon the outer door of the freshman's apartments he entered and inquired how Ben felt.

"I am better," said the sufferer. "Indeed, I do not require a physician."

"You must see one," remarked the Proctor. "Why did your chums not report this accident to me? I hear you fell upon your head and were insensible for several hours?"

"Oh, no," murmured Ben; "the pad in my fez saved me. I am fortunately very thick-headed."

While he was speaking the doctor arrived, and after closely examining the patient, remarked:

"You appear to be suffering from the effects of great excitement. Remain where you are all day, and take this powder."

"Won't you burn a couple of moxas on my back?" pleaded Ben.

"Not just yet," answered the amused surgeon. "Keep perfectly quiet, and you'll soon be all right. I'll look in again during the morning."

When the proctor and physician reached the floor below, the former inquired:

"Is he light-headed?"

"No, I think not," said the doctor. "He's mighty hard-headed, though. I just now heard from his chums that he was thrown fifteen feet into the air, and landed on the stones with force sufficient to crack the block he struck. He must have a skull like a buffalo."

"He asked old Johnnie to fetch a photographer to his rooms," remarked the other. "Surely he must be crazy."

"Oh, he is a little confused, and meant to send for me," was the reply. "I'll drop in on him again presently; guess he'll be all right. You can report him as suffering from the result of a fall off a velocipede."

When Johnnie returned to Benkei's room the freshman said:

"Well, have you been to the photographer's?"

"Isn't it a doctor ye'd be after wanting?" urged the old man. "Here's your rice, and some water hot enough to scald a hog."

"Johnnie," groaned Ben, "I'll give you five dollars if you'll do as I tell you. I've seen the doctor, and he says I'm all right. Now go right away and bring an operator back with you."

The reward was too tempting, so away went Johnnie, presently returning with a well-dressed young man, who brought with him a neat little instrument, which he proceeded to adjust.

"I wish you to take my portrait," ruefully observed Benkei, rising from his mat.

"Hadn't you better wait until you are looking better?" suggested the artist.

"The poor crayter's crayzie," breathed Johnnie, behind his hand. "He mit wid an accident on Saturday night, an' he's tuck l'ave av his sinses. It's all right; go ahead an' take his picture. It will quiet the poor sowl."

While the old Irishman was speaking, Benkei had contrived to pose himself in the sunlight, and he certainly looked a miserable object.

"Please proceed," he said to the stranger. "I want you to take me just as I am."

"You'll come out nicer in the negative if you'll arrange your—ahem—*hair*," suggested the photographer.

"Thank you, sir," resolutely answered Ben, "I prefer to be taken thus."

"Don't worry the poor boy," whispered Johnnie. "If you cross him, he may be tuck worse. He's a rale good fellow when he's in his sinses."

The operator flashed the instrument twice, after which he said:

"I think I have secured what you want. How many copies will you require?"

"Send me one of each," murmured Benkei, sinking upon the mat.

"Excuse me, but—but—in such cases we—we are usually paid in advance," said the man. "Of course the pictures will be excellent ones, though you may not exactly like your expression. They won't represent you at your best. The price is ten dollars."

Ben reached for his purse and paid the money, then, when the artist was gone, gave Johnnie a five-dollar bill.

"Has it aised ye?" inquired the old fellow, as he pocketed his reward.

"Eased me?" demanded the other. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothin'," was the scout's response, adding, softly, as he quitted the room: "Be me sowl, but you Japs is different from us, entirely. Catch me having my forty-graft tuck when I am getting over a trifling drop av whisky. Well, well, an' ye must have a quare taste, anyhow."

The doctor visited his patient twice that day, and the boys looked in at luncheon-time, and came to sit with Ben as soon as dinner was over.

About seven o'clock some one brought a small package to the door and inquired for Mr. Yuzo Benkei.

"He's sick," said Dan. "I'll give it to him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ben, half rising on his mat; "these are my portraits."

"When did you have them taken?" asked Orville, looking over his friend's shoulder.

"This morning," replied the other, holding the pictures out at arm's length. "Which do you think is the more repulsive-looking of the two?"

"Well," critically answered Orv, "they're both awful scarecrows."

"Why, in the name of common sense, did you have them taken while you were looking like a demon?" cried Dan.

"Chums," solemnly returned Ben, "it is recorded that the god Daruma once vowed never to drink *saké*, and broke his oath. To punish himself he caused one of his followers to make a clay image, representing Daruma when recovering from his beastly state. I have had these taken in order to remind me how vile I looked after being intoxicated. Which of them shall I keep?"

"Neither," quietly returned Dan. "You're not a god, and Daruma must have been a poor sort of critter if he could not remember his folly without having an image to remind him. Tear them up, chum."

"You're right," said Benkei. "I am cured and shall never again debase myself to the level of the brutes of the field."

"Come, come!" merrily observed Orv. "Don't charge them with the crime of intoxication. You never saw a horse or a cow disguised in liquor?"

"No," smilingly continued Benkei. "The great Mikado, Ninko, left us a poem entitled, 'The Curse in the Cup of *Saké*.' Shall I repeat it to you?"

"Yes, if it isn't over a thousand stanzas," said Dan. "We've got to grind our matthew before we go to sleep (study mathematics). Steam ahead, Ben, but be merciful."

The young man nodded, and recited in a solemn voice:

"Oh, man, human and divine,
Why drink the poison of rice?
Why render yourself
Lower than the animals?
Even they are more noble
Than a man who is intoxicated.
Have you ever seen one of *them*
Debased through drinking *saké?*"

Here Benkei paused and glanced at Orv, who, winking at his brother, gravely replied:

"*Never*—that is, *hardly ever*. I once saw a monkey suffering from the effects of lager-beer."

This made Benkei laugh and say:

"He must have looked very much as I did in that picture. Well, I won't inflict any more poetry on you, or you'll answer me by again quoting Pinafore."

"I never quote it," said his chum, indignantly. "I believe I have better sense than to be guilty of such nonsense."

"*What, never?*" simultaneously cried Dan and Benkie.

Orville thought for a moment, then said:

"Confound it! I've caught the fever. I'll never say never again as long as I live."

"Pshaw! dear boy," chuckled his brother; "we all do it!"

Just then some one dropped a note into the letter-box of the outer door, and Orv rose, in order to fetch the missive for his chum; presently returning and handing the latter, an official-looking envelope, stamped with the college seal.

"That's from the Prex," murmured Dan, as Ben opened the communication. "I suppose it is to congratulate you upon your lucky escape?"

"No," answered the Japanese. "Listen! 'The President of Harvard College presents his compliments to Mr. Yuzo Benkei, and desires to ask him if he will accept the position of President's Freshman for the ensuing term. This office has been for some years in abeyance, and is now revived solely to show what the writer thinks of the foreign students. You will kindly call at University Hall to-morrow, after first recitation.'"

"You're in luck, chum," said Orv. "I thought the Prex took a shine to you from the very first."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW BEN TOOK A LITTLE JOKE.

BENKEI was all right again the next morning, and knocked at his chums' door before they were up.

"Say," he cried, as he entered the parlor, "I'm in a quandary. My new shirts have come home, and I don't know whether it will be the correct thing to wear one of them when I call on the President?"

"What—shir—ts?" yawned Orville.

"My new college and national-flag shirts," naively replied Ben. "I saw the sample ones the other day, up in Boston, and ordered a dozen. Come into my den and look at them."

The brothers hurried on their garments, and following him, presently beheld his new purchases—twelve gaudily-colored articles, the patterns of which could have easily been discerned at a distance of a thousand yards.

"Ain't they swell?" demanded Benkei, regarding them gleefully, and rubbing his hands in Japanese fashion, in order to express his satisfaction. "The storekeeper said he had them designed expressly for Harvard men."

"And you really intend to wear one of those blazing advertisements?" coolly inquired Dan.

"Certainly I do," said Benkei. "They are going to be all the rage this Winter. The manufacturer has his hands full of orders."

"He won't get one from *me*," said Orv, tartly.

"Nor from this child," chuckled his brother. "I'm not anxious to be locked up as a lunatic."

"Oh, I think these patterns are just superb," remarked Ben, who was gloating over the articles as a boy does over a particularly gorgeous stick of candy. "Your tastes and mine differ. I know I admire what is brilliant and warm-toned, you prefer sad colors."

"Wrap me up in the national flag, and let me die as becomes a true-born American!" cried Dan, holding up a shirt, the arms of which were striped and the body starred like the "flag of liberty." "Yes, this is brilliant and warm-toned enough!"

"Hurra for owld Ireland!" shouted Orv, exhibiting a garment, the pattern of which represented green shamrocks on a yellow ground. "This would drive a Johnny Bull raving mad."

"I didn't ask you to guy my purchases," innocently observed Benkei. "What I want to know is this, would you wear either of them when waiting on the President?"

"My dear Ben, do just as you please," said Dan. "We would not be seen on the street in such conspicuous attire, but what suits us may not you."

"I guess I'll wear this one marked Turkish," murmured the Japanese. "It has a red collar and cuffs and white crescents all over the bosom. You see, my complexion will bear the color better than yours."

"All right, old chum," said Orv, with a grin. "There goes the first bell; hurry up."

When Ben joined them as they quitted their quarters for the chapel he was dressed in the glowing shirt, a zebra-pattern suit and a plaid ulster. However, the brothers did not pass any remarks about his loud make-up.

After the first recitation, Benkei started for University Hall, and mounting to the second floor of the building, tapped on the door of the southeast room.

"Come in," said the President, who was busily engaged with one of the Professors of Divinity; "please seat yourself a moment, Mr. Benkei."

"He evidently expects me," thought the visitor, glancing at his watch. "Nothing like punctuality. I'm right on time."

"I think that about covers the ground," gravely continued the President, returning some papers to the professor, who rose, and moved to depart. "If you can suggest any further improvement, I am always ready to examine into the matter."

"I believe this will do," was the response, and in another moment the first visitor quitted the room.

"I am glad to see you have so quickly recovered from your accident," said the President, eying Ben's spanglorious attire, and wondering what on earth he meant by calling upon him. "Can I do anything for you?"

The freshman rose, bowed and stammered:

"I—I—came about the position of which you wrote."

"Position?" quietly answered the gentleman. "I do not quite understand."

"Ye—yes. This letter from you, Mr. President," nervously replied the young man, who was beginning to perspire very freely, while his face exhibited a deeper hue than his cuffs and shirt-collar, and he dived his trembling hands first into one pocket and then into another. "I'm afraid I dropped it in my rooms. No; here it is."

He handed the document to the official, and backing to where he thought he had left his chair, made a motion to sit, and landed on the floor.

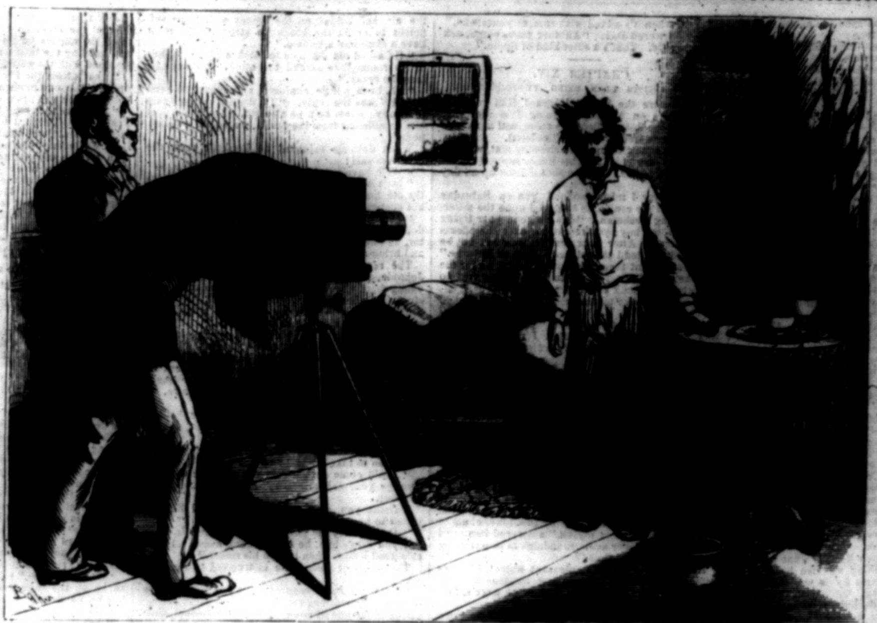
For a moment the President could scarcely restrain from smiling; still he conquered the tendency, and when his confused visitor had somewhat recovered, said:

"Mr. Benkei, we have been made the victim of a foolish hoax. There is now no such office as President's freshman. Never mind; it is not your fault. After this, when you receive a letter purporting to be from me, you will be wiser. I never write to students upon college business. I leave such matters to the secretary or registrar. Now, do not feel mortified; this will only be known to you and me."

He was very kind, and again congratulated Ben upon escaping from the accident at Salem. The poor fellow felt too nervous to understand much of what was said, and scarcely knew how he got out of the room.

When we reached the hallway below he paused, mechanically, before a bulletin-board; as he did so, Johnnie Brackett, who was standing there, exclaimed:

"Hello, Prince—what's up?"



THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—"'PLEASE PROCEED,' HE SAID TO THE STRANGER. 'I WANT YOU TAKE ME JUST AS I AM.' 'YOU'LL COME OUT NICER IN THE NEGATIVE IF YOU'LL ARRANGE YOUR—AHEM—HAIR,' SUGGESTED THE PHOTOGRAPHER.'—SEE PAGE 6.

Being much troubled, Ben unbosomed himself, without any hesitation, and the wag listened with open ears, nostrils and mouth, his features gradually contorting into a very broad grin.

"I'm sure I can't see where the fun comes in," Ben naively observed. "As there is no such office, it was a poor trick to serve me."

"Oh, but there used to be a President's Freshman in the old times," said Johnnie, with a knowing wink. "Of course, it's rough on you, Benkei, but the boys will take it as a rattling good joke."

"Why?" demanded the other. "What were the duties of the office?"

"My dear boy—I—really would rather not explain them," said Brackett, chuckling at the mere idea. "See here—of course I can't keep this thing to myself. I should die if I tried to do so! I'll not mention your *name*—by Jove, it's too awfully funny to keep dark."

"But—Brackett—tell me where the *laugh* comes in?" urged Ben. "Upon my word I don't see any fun in the matter."

Johnnie closed one eye, and, after vainly begging the freshman not to press him, finally said:

"Well, years ago, when the Prex hung out at the old Wadsworth house—that wooden building facing Harvard Street—he used to pick up some poor scrub of a fresh, who had barely enough stamps to pay his way in the university, and would make him his freshman—pay him forty dollars a year and give him a room in Wads."

"I still fail to see the *joke*," stammered the Japanese, growing scarlet in the face. "What were the freshman's duties?"

"Oh, you're awfully obtuse," was the answer. "He used to run errands for the Prex and make himself generally useful. There is a legend that he blacked the old man's boots. He, he, he! See the joke *now*, hey?"

Benkei saw it too clearly for the wag, and in another instant his left arm went out straight, and his insulter flew across the hallway and landed on a mat; while Orville, who, with Dan, had overheard the last part of the conversation, said:

"Well done, chum; you've turned the tables on him superbly!"

Johnnie Brackett never related the anecdote to any one, and from that day became a great admirer of Benkei's.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHNNIE BRACKETT'S PRESENT.

BENKEI never discovered who was the author of the note, nor did he make any further inquiries concerning the office of President's Freshman, and the hoax, intended to humiliate him in the eyes of the collegians, fizzled out like a damp squib.

As the term wore away, the chums became exceedingly popular with their class, and developed from awkward, blunt, country boys into graceful, handsome young men; even Ben's appearance being improved by his college-training.

That they studied diligently there was no doubt, but then they did not, like some foolish fellows, neglect their health in order to be first in the race for position on the rank-list. They rode, walked, worked as hard in the gymnasium as in the classroom, and occasionally went round with the boys; in fact, were gentlemanly and free in their ways, without being given to any vice, and made hosts of friends both in and outside the university.

While other students drank, smoked, played cards, stole signs, smashed windows, scared people at night, idled, got up class-fights, cut prayers, church-service, recitations and lectures, Orville, Dan and Benkei studied and amused themselves in a rational way, and thus the time passed quickly until Thanksgiving week was at hand.

A few days before the recess Don Mortimer entered the brothers' room, and after chatting a while upon various topics, said:

"Are you men going home for Thanksgiving?"

"Well, no," answered Orv; "we shall pay my folks a visit Christmas week and stay over New Year's Day. My father is having a house built, and our old one is all sixes and sevens, so we have decided not to go, but to spend our time in reading up and visiting Boston."

"Will you come down to our place and be my guests?" asked the senior. "My parents are very quiet people, and we can't give you much in the way of excitement, though I'll promise you a hearty welcome. I've written them all about yourselves and chum, and they desire me to invite you. It will be awfully lonely here on Thanksgiving Day."

The young men telephoned Ben to join them, and after consulting him, accepted the kind invitation, upon which Mortimer said:

"We start on Saturday afternoon. My sisters will ride up here to meet us, and my father will send horses for our party. A week's rest from study will do you all the good in the world."

Soon after he had departed Johnnie Brackett came in, and seating himself, said, in a rather hesitating manner:

"See here, are you men going to remain in this old mill through Thanksgiving recess?"

"Why?" asked Dan, who, like his brother and Ben, had taken to the waggish sophomore. "Come, Johnnie, none of your little games now."

"I've sworn off playing practical jokes," solemnly replied the young man. "I joined a party in a mock-serenade, the other night, and the fellow we favored came out, collared me, and insisted upon my taking a bath in his fish-pond. I've caught a fearful cold. Don't you notice how hoarsely I talk?"

"I can't say I did, until you mentioned it," observed Orville. "Come, Brack, what can we do for you?"

Johnnie coughed, pathetically, once or twice, for he was a nervous sort of fish, and always fancied he was going into a consumption.

"I've no business to meddle with your plans," he continued. "Of course if you wish to stick to this shebang when you are free to go elsewhere, it's none of my fight."

"We have not said it was, eh?" remarked Ben. "What *are* you driving at, Johnnie?"

"Well, this," he said. "My folks have a big house on Beacon Street, and hate to be alone on Thanksgiving. They've desired me to invite a good crowd to stay with us and have especially named yourselves," adding: "See here, boys, you *must* come."

The chums explained that they had already accepted Mortimer's invitation, and after thanking Johnnie, Benkei said:

"Brackett, will you come to my room? I have something to give you."

"I'm always willing to receive," answered the soph, and nodding to the brothers, observed, as he moved toward the door: "You'll have a good time at Mortimer's. His folks are awfully swell people. You must pay us a visit later on."

Benkei conducted him into his quarters, and raising the cover of a foreign-looking case that stood on the floor in the centre of the apartment, exhibited a number of boxes marked with Japanese characters.

"Johnnie," he said, in a quiet tone, "I've received a lot of things from my parents. Here are lacquered bowls, boxes, cabinets and glove-receivers—carved *nitsukis* and bronzes, *ogi* and *uchiwa* fans and other articles. I—I'd like you to help yourself—to take just what you fancy. I really don't know what to do with them. My room is full of ornaments."

He spoke as a Japanese does when he desires a friend to select a present, while Brackett, who was densely ignorant of Eastern customs, listened, as any American would, and thought Ben meant what he said, so, after pulling several of the smaller packages out of the case, he gravely returned them to their places and replied:

"Well, old fellow, if you really don't know what to do with them, I'll take the lot. Let O'Reilley cord up the case and," taking out his card, "nail this on the lid. I'll put the things where they will do the most good, and am really much obliged, old man."

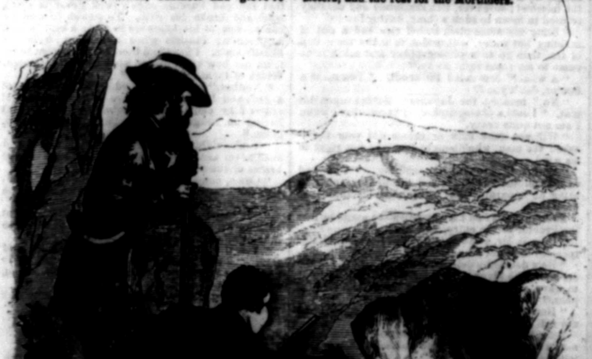
Of course Benkei had not expected to make such a wholesale gift, he having expected Johnnie would say:

"I'll take a couple of bowls, or this cabinet."

However, like the Japanese, he did not betray any astonishment, though he secretly resolved to in future adopt the American style of making presents.

He had simply desired to show his good-will, while Brackett, who had no idea of the value of the things, had taken his offer as a genuine one.

The scout was summoned, the case securely corded and the card tacked to it, Ben looking on as pleasantly as though the proceeding gratified him exceedingly; still in his heart he could not avoid feeling he was badly sold, he having intended some of the beautiful things for the chums' parents and sisters, and the rest for the Mortimers.



LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"HE RAISED UP AND LOOKED AROUND, LIKE ONE WHO WAS DESIROUS OF FINDING WHETHER THE COAST WAS CLEAR BEFORE HE VENTURED OUT."—SEE PAGE 11.

As the package was being conveyed out of the apartment, Orville and Dan entered.

"Hello, chum," cried the former, "I hope you are not going to send that home to our folks?"

"No," chuckled Johnnie Brackett; "I've secured that little lot," adding, as he nodded to the donor; "Ben, old fellow, don't let such things as those trouble you in future. I'll always take them off your hands."

When the sophomore had departed, Orville inquired:

"Have you sold them to him, chum?"

"No," coolly answered Ben; "I offered him his choice, and as we do in Japan, said I really did not know what to do with them, and he took my words literally."

"See here," laughingly observed Dan, who was immensely amused by the incident, "we are not going to permit you to be robbed in that manner. Say, Orv, let you and I go after Johnnie and explain the mistake?"

"Not for ten thousand times the value of the things," said Benkei, proudly. "I should have remembered the difference in our customs. You say what you mean; we speak practically. Let Mr. Brackett keep my gift."

In vain the brothers determined to change his determination. Ben was firm, and put up with the result of his blunder like a true gentleman.

Fortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Brackett were collectors of Japanese objects of art, and had read many works on the manners and customs of the East, so when their son gleefully related how he had relieved Ben of "a lot of things he did not know what to do with," they at once enlightened him.

"By Jove!" muttered Johnnie, "what can I do? Benkei is such a proud fellow, and no doubt thinks this is one of my jokes. He'd be mad if I offered him the things back. I wonder how much they are worth?"

"Several hundred dollars," said his father. "They are all very fine specimens, and I would willingly buy them, if they were for sale. These ivory *nitsukis* are unique."

"I tell you what we can do," said Mrs. Brackett: "Let us call in a dealer and have these valued, then Johnnie shall select jewelry to the amount, and present it to the Japanese. Had the latter merely given you one or two articles, this would have been out of the question, as it would have looked like a desire to make an equivalent return for his present; as it is, Johnnie must treat the matter as a joke."

"That is an excellent idea," said Mr. Brackett, who was a very proud man, and, like his wife, utterly incapable of taking advantage of any one. "Johnnie must purchase a watch and chain for Mr. Benkei and lockets for the young man's mother and sisters," adding, gravely: "I wish our son was not so fond of joking! The idea of his taking a case of valuable goods from any one!"

"He assured me that he wished to get rid of them," chuckled the sophomore. "I did not know what they were worth."

On Saturday afternoon, just as Don Mortimer and the chums were leaving Matthew's for the hotel where the ladies were awaiting their arrival, an express messenger handed Ben a small parcel and asked him to receipt for the same.

"It's from Johnnie Brackett," remarked Dan, who, since the gift affair, had been what collegians term "down upon" the soph. "I bet five dollars it's a sell of some sort! A man who would——"

"Hush—hush!" cried Benkei. "It is all right! You forget your promise, chum."

They halted until he had signed the expressman's book and pocketed the package, then proceeded to the hotel, where they found three handsome girls, whom their friend Don introduced as:

"My sisters, Miss Ida, Florrie and Gracie Mortimer."

The young ladies were very pleasant, and when the horses were brought round, accepted the attentions of the chums in aiding them to mount, the elder of the sisters remarking to Orville:

"We have heard so much of your adventures in Japan that we were all anxious to see you. Will you ride by me?"

The collegian felt like answering, "I would willingly do so for ever," but sensibly kept his feelings to himself, and, as he sprang into the saddle, thought:

"She's the nicest girl I have ever met!"

They were soon all mounted, and after calling at a grand mansion on the Broadway, for a dark-eyed miss, who appeared remarkably glad to see Mortimer, the cavalcade started, their destination being Ivy Hall, a country residence on the seashore.

Although the weather was somewhat cold, they thoroughly enjoyed the ride, and ere they reached their destination, became like old acquaintances.

"We dine at six, and start for the ball at my cousin's at eight," remarked Don, as they turned off the road and cantered up a grand avenue of weeping elms. "There are my parents in the porch awaiting us."

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer were high-bred, stately-looking people of the old school, and they welcomed the chums with a grace and kindliness that at once charmed and set the strangers at their ease.

"We wish you to feel thoroughly at home," said the dear old lady, as she shook their hands. "Don has told us all about you."

After the reception was over, the senior conducted his guests to their rooms, and when Benkei was alone, he opened the package he had received from the expressman.

There were two cases, a large one, containing a magnificent watch, chain, charms and locket, worth at least a thousand dollars, and a smaller one, in which the delighted Japanese discovered three superb, diamond-crusted lockets.

The appraiser had valued the case of curiosities at two thousand dollars, and Mr. Brackett, who was delighted with them, gladly gave his son a check for the amount, which Johnnie had expended as described.

Inside the case containing the watch was a scrap of paper, on which was written:

"One good joke deserves another. *Your* princely one is fully appreciated, and to prove it I send these American trinkets. The large lockets are for your mother and those charming sisters of whom I have heard you speak; the watch, etc., for yourself. From your friend and college-chum,

"JOHNNIE BRACKETT."

Benkei's eyes moistened as he read this, and leaving the present on the bureau, he hurried into Orville's room, saying:

"Come and see the lovely things Brackett has sent me?"

"Wait until I am dressed," replied his friend. "I am glad Brack has not fooled you."

Benkei next went to Dan's room and told him, on which the latter remarked:

"Bet you a dollar it's a sell. Johnnie has been to some ninety-nine-cent store and invested in oroide jewelry. He's too good-hearted and free-handed to have any money to spend on diamonds; besides, he'd rather die than miss the chance for a joke. He's put up a little gag on you, Ben, and when we return to Harvard you'll be laughed at right and left."

"Come and see for yourselves, was the confident reply. "I may be wrong, but I do not believe Brackett would be guilty of what you think. He has ascertained the value of my gift, and this is his delicate way of showing his regret at having taken it. In Japan, when, in accepting a present, we discover we have deprived a friend of what he most values, we always thus put matters right."

"You are not in Japan now," chuckled Dan. "In this country, when you press any one to take a thing as a favor, you will find most people are like Johnnie Brackett. We're practical folks, and don't go in for figures of speech. You may depend upon it, your presents ain't worth more than a few dollars."

"Well, come along and I'll convince you," said Benkei, and when his chums had inspected the jewelry, he continued: "Who is right, now?"

"Guess you are," murmured Orv. "After this I shall always think better of Brack."

"So shall I," said Dan. "You haven't lost anything by being patient, Ben. These things must be worth several hundred dollars."

They closely examined the beautiful articles, and Benkei remarked:

"That locket on my chain is a quadruple one. In it I will put the portraits of my parents and yourselves. These single ones I mean to have fitted with my own pictures, and hope to be able to send them off, so that they will reach Japan in time for my mother's birthday. Now you go and finish dressing, while I change my clothes."

Orville and Dan then retired to their own respective rooms, and half an hour later when the second gong was struck to announce dinner was ready, they tapped on the door of their friend's apartment, saying:

"Come, Benkei."

No reply.

"Come, old man," cried Orville, turning the handle and peeping in. "Haven't you done admiring that jewelry?"

No response.

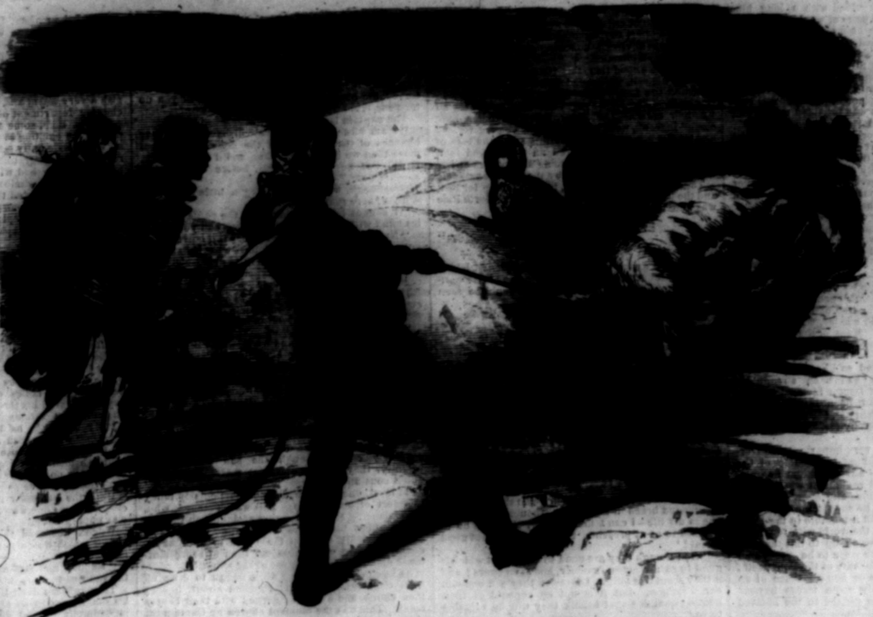
"Here, hurry-up, chum," said Dan, entering the room.

As he glanced round he uttered a cry of horror, for, lying on the floor with the blood streaming from a wound in his head, was Benkei Yuzo.

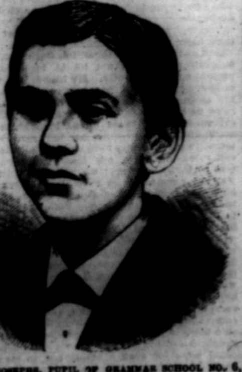
The packages containing the jewelry were gone.

[To be continued.]

"Three Chums at Harvard College" was commenced in No. 661.



TOPSY-TURVY.—"IT WAS A SUCCESSFUL THROW, AND CAUGHT THE ANIMAL ABOUT HIS NECK AND FORELEG, WHEN, DRAWING IT TIGHTLY, THE CAPTAIN PULLED HIM FROM HIS HAUNCHES."



ISAAC JOSEPHS, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, WARREN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

ISAAC JOSEPHS,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, WARREN STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ISAAC JOSEPHS is the pupil selected as a representative of the A section of the first class of Grammar School No. 6, Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. "What can you say for this pupil?" we asked of the Principal. "I can say," he replied, "that Isaac Josephs is an excellent boy and a distinguished scholar. He is making one hundred per cent., and stands now, at the close of the term, at the head of his class." Certainly nothing better could be said, and we are happy to put the name and record of this promising boy in imperishable print. He was born in this city, May 11th, 1865, making him fourteen years of age. He is the son of Lewis and A. Josephs. From his sixth or seventh year and during the two following years he attended a private school, and then entered Grammar School No. 29, in Amity Street, Brooklyn, in the fourth grammar class. Later he entered his present school in the fifth grammar class. He has been an interested and improving pupil at all times. Intelligent, amiable and respectful, he has delighted the hearts of his teachers, and they all bear testimony to his good qualities of head and heart. A future of great promise should be in store for one who is doing so much to deserve it.

Grammar School No. 6 has been for several years under the judicious charge of Alfred E. Ives, Jr., as Principal. There are over one thousand pupils in three departments.

CARRIE SISE,

PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 36, STAGG STREET,
BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

CARRIE SISE is a pupil who has recently passed a very successful examination in the highest studies at Public School No. 36, Stagg Street, Brooklyn (E. D.), N. Y. She was born at Ellenville, N. Y., January 6th, 1866, making her in her fourteenth year. She is the daughter of Peter and Anne Sise. She spent the first ten years of her childhood in her native town, and at the beginning of the school year of 1877–78, entered Public School No. 36, in Brooklyn. Says her teacher, in a written statement before us, "Being possessed of rare womanly qualities and great amiability, she has won the respect and love of all with whom she has been associated during her stay in this school. As a scholar, faithful and brilliant, recently promoted to the third grammar grade of Grammar School No. 18." In a conversation with Mr. Woodward, the Principal, he also spoke in the highest terms of this pupil. She has been diligent to an extent which has made her prominent in every class. Never for one moment has she neglected her duties in school, or has she failed to show herself perfect in deportment. She is young, but she has already made herself a recognized model in school; she is only on the threshold of her life, but she has already made it beautiful with the labors of her ambition and the practice of her virtues.

TOPSY-TURVY;

OR,

The Boy Explorer.

AND

THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "JEANNETTE."

ON the 8th of July, 1879, the *Jeannette*, a bark-rigged steam-yacht of 420 tons burden, having an engine of 200 horse-power, had sailed from San Francisco for a voyage of exploration to the Arctic regions, via Behring's Straits.

The *Jeannette* had been rechristened from the *Pandora*, the name under which she was launched in 1862, in England.

She had been originally constructed as if especially for Arctic service, being built of English oak, and as strongly as possible. She was, however, designed by the British Government for a dispatch-boat and tender to the Mediterranean fleet.

In 1872 Sir Allan Young, an enthusiastic British yachtsman, purchased the *Pandora*, which was at that time sold out of the royal navy, and fitted her up for an Arctic trip.

Captain Young had accompanied Sir Leopold McClintock on his Arctic voyage, which resulted in discovering many relics of the ill-fated Franklin expedition, and was therefore experienced. His voyage was undertaken too late in the season to accomplish anything, and the *Pandora* had returned to England unsuccessful.

In 1877 Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who had inherited from his father the proprietorship of the New York *Herald*—certainly the most wonderful of newspapers—had purchased the *Pandora*, with the design of himself founding an Arctic exploring expedition.

Mr. Bennett had changed the name of his vessel from *Pandora* to *Jeannette* in compliment to his sister, and by means of a special act of the Congress of the United States had succeeded in obtaining for her an American register.

The next important act in this connection was the selection of a commander for the expedition, when the choice fell upon Lieutenant George W. De Long, of the United States Navy, who accepted the command with the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, and took the vessel to Havre, thence, by way of the Straits of Magellan, to San Francisco. The *Jeannette* was now turned over to the United States Naval authorities at Mare Island, to be put in condition for her voyage.

Preparing a vessel for an Arctic voyage, no matter how well she may have been originally constructed, is a task of no slight magnitude. In the case of the *Jeannette* the chief point was strengthening, and this, although, as has already been stated, she was built very strong at the beginning.

At Mare Island the carpenters and shipbuilders, under the direction of the naval authorities, first filled in her bow with solid timber, while she was well weather-braced and strengthened by the use of heavy beams and trusses crossing her hold at short intervals. These were so thoroughly shored and braced that the crushing in of her sides—one of the great dangers to which a ship is subjected in the Arctic waters—was made almost impossible. The *Jeannette* also had extra-heavy planking placed on her bottom and bilges, and on her sides, to about two feet above her deep-water line; further than this, her bow was protected on the outside with thick iron strips, to save it from being cut by the ice, which she might be forced to butt into in order to open a channel. Finally a large poop-cabin was added, in order to increase her storage-room, and afford better accommodations for her officers.

The *Jeannette* was provided with a steam launch and five strong and massive whale-boats, besides a folding boat, which would carry six men in case of need, and could be readily transported upon a sledge. She was also supplied with extra composition screw plates, an extra rudder, and duplicates of such parts of her engine-gear as were most liable to break; while further precaution against accident was made by supplying her with a full assortment of machinists' and carpenters' tools. In fact, the outfit of the *Jeannette* was made as full and complete as the most thoughtful foresight and unbounded liberality, as regards expense, could possibly make it. Her engine was thoroughly overhauled and renewed where it was necessary, and a new boiler was put in the ship by the machinists.

All the departments of the ship for the use of the officers and crew, and for their convenience, comfort and safety, were provided in the same liberal fashion as was done in every other respect. The surgery was perfected by being supplied with all the necessary drugs and instruments. The forecastle was equally well cared for, and was roomy and well arranged for the accommodation of the crew. The supply of woolen clothing, blankets, and other necessities and comforts was inexhaustible, everything being made of the best quality, and many of the suits made expressly to order for the men who were expected to wear them.

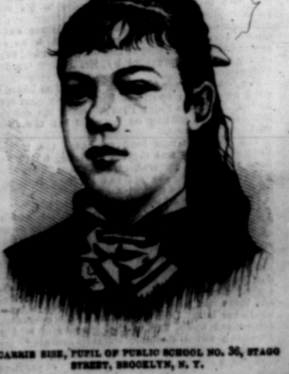
Three large hogsheads filled with fur clothing formed a part of the storage of the *Jeannette*, while the Alaska Fur Company had prepared a liberal gift of fur suits, which were to be sent on board the vessel at Oonalaska or St. Paul's. Besides the ordinary machinery, the *Jeannette* had an extra donkey-pump, two auxiliary pumps, a distilling apparatus capable of distilling five hundred gallons of water per day, a hoisting engine which was rigged on her spar-deck, and designed to be employed in warping. The cabin and forecastle were provided against extreme cold by being padded on the inside with several thicknesses of heavy felt, while the poop-deck was covered with three thicknesses of stout canvas, painted over. The *Jeannette* carried eight tents, each six feet by nine, a suit of spare sails, as well as small boats, rigged with sails and boat-covers. She was provided with ice saws, by which ice ten or fifteen feet in thickness could be easily cut away. Besides all this, a house, to be erected on the deck of the vessel, was prepared and conveyed northward by a convoy. This house was constructed so as to roof over the deck during wintry storms. Its beams were morticed and fastened together by screw plates, in such a fashion that it could be taken down and put up at will. Finally, the *Jeannette* left San Francisco in possession of an entirely new set of sails, including a rolling topsail, which could be furled from the deck. Altogether, she could spread a total of six thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight square feet of canvas. She had accommodations in the forecastle for thirty-six men, but as this space was only to be occupied by about half that number, the remainder was utilized as a store-room for supplies and apparatus.

The *Jeannette* was heated by stoves, burning soft coal. The remodeling and refitting of the *Jeannette* was conducted under the immediate direction of the chief of engineers of the United States Navy. Finally, the vessel was supplied with a considerable library, made up, to a large extent, of works upon the Arctic voyages preceding her own.

Among the men selected as crew for the *Jeannette* were the following: William Dunbar, of New London, Connecticut, ice-pilot; W. Lee, machinist; Herbert W. Leach, of Boston, seaman; Carl August Goertz, from North Germany, seaman; G. W. Boyd, coal-passer; Adolph Dressler, of Berlin, seaman; Henry Wilson, a Swede, seaman; F. E. Johnson, a Swede, seaman; Edward Starr, a German, seaman; John Louderbock, a German, coal-passer; L. Mentr, seaman. Altogether there were thirty-two men on board, all of whom were over twenty-one and under forty-(?) years of age. All of them were selected with the greatest care, having a medical examination to determine their fitness for the hardships which it was recognized they would have to undergo; not only this, but the past record of each one of the officers and crew had been thoroughly inquired into, and the fact that they were of good principle and moral character thoroughly established.

Besides the officers, there were several scientific men on board, whose business it would be to investigate all matters of interest to science in connection with the North Pole and Arctic regions.

In regard to clothing, the men on board the *Jeannette* were exceptionally fortunate. Each one of the party had three suits of clothes. One of these was a heavy, brown, copper-fastened duck suit, lined throughout with gray blanket; the coat was made after what was known as the "ulster" pattern, extending almost to the feet, and provided with a number of pockets, and a broad belt to strap around the waist. A second suit, which was designed for dress-parade, was the regulation blue naval uniform, with trowsers made wide at the bottoms, and a shirt having a broad collar; a regulation cap and black necktie completed this suit. The third was made of black oilskin, and comprised a pea-jacket, pantaloons and a sou'wester.



CARRIE SISE, PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 36, STAGG STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Each man was also provided with a long blue overcoat and a number of pairs of woolen stockings, made to reach above the knees. Their shoes were made of canvas, and lined with felt. Among the numerous necessary articles which were provided for the expedition were fifty dozen spools of assorted linen thread, a couple of dozen pairs of scissors, a great quantity of pins and needles. Rubber bottles were supplied in place of the old army canteens. Finally, every man was provided with a pair of heavy blue blankets, mattresses and pillows.

The *Jeannette* was escorted as far as Oonalaska by the U. S. S. *Alaska*. At St. Paul's the *Jeannette* was to be supplied with trained dogs, and besides the one hundred and thirty-five tons of coal which she had on board on leaving San Francisco, her convoy carried extra coal and provisions which were placed on board of her on parting.

The commanding officer of the *Jeannette*, Lieutenant De Long, was particularly suited for this adventurous expedition, having previously made one Arctic voyage, being sent in 1873 on board the *Tigris* in search of Captain Hall's vessel, the *Polaris*. The chief executive officer and the engineer had also made previous voyages to the Arctic regions; while the ice pilot, on whom depended to a great degree the successful navigation of the ship within the frozen zone, was an old whaler, who had spent years in the polar regions. Many of the crew, also, had accompanied one or more expeditions for explorations to the North.

To Mr. Bennett, who had so liberally fitted out the *Jeannette*, the world had been already indebted for the discovery of Doctor Livingstone, the African explorer, who had been lost in Central Africa, and found by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, a *Herald* correspondent sent to Africa by Mr. Bennett to perform this duty.

Stanley had made some very important discoveries, particularly in establishing the course of the Congo River. Having thus adventured, and so successfully, in the equatorial regions, it was quite in agreement with the ambitious and energetic character of Mr. Bennett that he should now push his explorations northward, and if possible to the Pole, with a view of acquainting the world with regard to the mysterious questions which up to this time remained unanswered. There were to be discovered in this direction, first, the locality of the Pole itself; second, as to the existence or non-existence of an open Polar Sea, and finally some traces beyond those already discovered in regard to the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin.

The latter distinguished explorer had sailed 1845 on the expedition from which he never returned, with the view of searching for a northwest passage by way of Lancaster Sound. He was last seen by the whaler *Prince of Wales* on July 26th, 1846, in latitude seventy-five degrees forty-five minutes north, longitude sixty-six degrees thirteen minutes west, his own ship, the *Erebus*, and the *Terror*, under Captain Crozier, being both moored to an iceberg, waiting for an opening in the ice to enable them to reach Lancaster Sound. Nothing more was heard from these ships; and in 1848 the British Government sent out expeditions in search of them, and the British Admiralty offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds, to which Lady Franklin added three thousand pounds, to any ship or exploring party, of any country, which should discover the missing explorers. These expeditions failed to find any trace of Sir John Franklin or his party. Two years later another attempt was made by Captain Collinson and Commander McClure, by way of Behring's Straits. After this an expedition was fitted out in England, commanded by Sir John Ross, and another in New York, known as the Grinnell Expedition. The latter discovered traces of Franklin's expedition of a date as late as April, 1846, on Beachy Island, where three graves were found, with headboards showing that the occupants had belonged to the crew of the *Erebus* and the *Terror*.

The McClure expedition sailed through Behring's Straits, and reached a point within sixty miles of Barrow's Straits, thus demonstrating the existence of a northwest passage.

In 1853 a second expedition, under the command of Doctor Kane, sailed from New York and remained absent two years. This expedition is believed to have discovered the open Polar Sea, at a point five hundred miles from the Pole itself. Here marine birds were seen sailing through the air; a boundless expanse of water extended northward. A few stunted flowers grew upon the rocky shore. The Kane expedition did not succeed in obtaining any intelligence concerning the fate of Sir John Franklin.

A number of other expeditions engaged in this almost hopeless task, including two made by the American, Captain Hall, who did discover traces of the lost explorers, and found many articles which they had left at King William's Land, where he passed some time living among the Esquimaux.

The determination of Mr. Bennett to send his expedition by way of Behring's Straits was a novel feature in Arctic discovery, the attempt only having been made on the one occasion mentioned already.

As might be imagined, the *Jeannette*, her outfit, and her intended explorations attracted great attention and interest, not only in the United States but throughout the civilized world. Men of science once more felt hopeful that great scientific discoveries would be made.

Those interested in the fate of Sir John Franklin imagined that the truth with regard to his misfortunes might now be obtained.

Altogether, it is doubtful if any similar expedition ever set sail from any port which so engrossed the public mind as this one, which had been thus generously provided by Mr. James Gordon Bennett.

The *Jeannette* sailed, as stated, with all on board in good health and spirits, and was safely convoyed by the *Alaska* to Saint Paul's. Here the convoy left her, after putting on board of her the extra coal and provisions.

The *Jeannette* now took on board the trained Esquimaux dogs and the fur clothing, which had been awaiting her arrival. Having thus finally completed her outfit, she set sail through Behring's Straits, in the early part of August, 1879.

From this time all trace of her was lost.

The first year passed, and the second, and although by this time there was felt a degree of uneasiness with regard to the fate of this, the latest, and consequently most important Arctic expedition, no serious fears as to its return were experienced. But when 1882 opened, and the Summer fled without the return of the *Jeannette*, the public of the United States and Great Britain became excited, and there was talk of sending out a party to investigate her fate. During that Winter this course was determined upon, and in the Summer of 1883 an American naval steamer, suitably provided, was sent by the Government through Behring's Straits to make such inquiry and exploration as was practicable.

This expedition returned unsuccessful, having reached a point as far north as eighty-three degrees without finding any signs of the lost *Jeannette*, or discovering anything concerning her by inquiry among the Esquimaux.

A second expedition, this time fitted out by Mr. Bennett himself, proceeded northward in 1886, but returned the following year, the two vessels composing it having been caught in the ice and deserted by their crews. The latter, after making a long sledge journey, were picked up by a whaling vessel; and at the period reached by this story the loss of the *Jeannette* was considered an established fact, very little hopes of ever gaining any tidings of her being now entertained even by the most sanguine.

The *Jeannette* had, in fact, been given up for lost, and the latest expedition in search of the North Pole was admitted to be a failure.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

WE left a group of our friends at Valentia Island watching with some suspicion and more curiosity certain living creatures which could be seen upon the ice in the distance.

"They are Esquimaux dogs," said Lieutenant Jasper.

Captain St. Clair slapped his subordinate officer on the back with evident elation, as he cried out:

"So they are, Andrew, and more agreeable visitors I don't want to see."

"And why?" asked Wilcox.

"If we can only catch them, I will tell you why," responded Captain St. Clair.

"No easy task, I fancy," observed Greenough.

"Well, I am not so sure of that," responded the captain; "those dogs are very tractable, and if, as I suspect, they are hungry, it will not be difficult. Certainly it is of the greatest importance to us to catch them, if it be practicable."

"Now, really," remarked Wilcox, "while I have the greatest respect for dogs in general, and for the Esquimaux breed in particular—though I never saw one in my life—I can't imagine why they can be of any use to us at present. Surely they are not good to eat?"

"No; though they are good to catch that which is good to eat. Wolves, reindeer, and even bears; and if they scent this fellow, I dare say they will come in our direction. But it is not on account of their hunting qualities that I think they will be valuable to us."

"And for what other qualities?" said Wilcox.

"As draught animals for traveling," answered the captain.

"Well, that might do on the ice, but as soon as we get out of this region they will become useless for that purpose."

Captain St. Clair looked at the *Herald* correspondent curiously for a moment, then said:

"We are not out of this region yet, young man. And, by-the-way, how far do you suppose the present condition of things extends?"

"Certainly not further than the coast of France," replied Wilcox.

"If the professor's theory is sound, it may extend half way to the equator," was Captain St. Clair's astonishing response to this. "I have my own ideas about that, however," he continued, "and this evening, if you choose, and the ladies do not object, I will make some suggestions on that point, and in the way of advice as to our future course."

By this time the dogs—for such they evidently were—had approached near enough to the party to be plainly visible, and had evidently scented the dead bear. By advice of Captain St. Clair all now moved away from the sledge, and hid themselves behind a huge berg of ice near by. But first the captain gave Terence Queeny some directions in a low voice, and that individual started off hurriedly toward the house.

As soon as the group disappeared, the dogs hastened their steps and speedily drew near.

There appeared to be about twenty-five of them, and it being Summer, they were all in good condition, though somewhat thin, as if they had traveled far. Nearer they approached, and at length they closed around the sledge in a body, and attacked the dead carcass of the bear. Each of these dogs had on a collar of some kind of hide, and it was evident from this that they had run away from a party of Esquimaux.

The Esquimaux dog is one of the most useful breeds of this animal known to the world. It is described as having a head shaped like that of the wolf-dog, the tail spreading and curved, and the ears erect. The hair is of two sorts, one of which is described as thinly scattered, the other which is extremely thick, very fine and curly, and may be pulled off in flocks from the animal.

The color is black, or a reddish-gray, with large marks of white. What the reindeer is to the Laplander this dog is to the Esquimaux.

In the Summer, a single one of the breed will carry a weight of as much as thirty pounds while attending his master in the pursuit of game; and in the Winter, yoked in numbers of from fifteen to thirty to heavy sledges, they will drag five or six persons at the rate of eight miles an hour, frequently performing journeys of as much as sixty miles in a day.

These dogs, however, are noted for their hunting capacity and instinct in certain directions; even while drawing sledges, if they scent a single reindeer, sometimes as much as a quarter of a mile distant, they gallop off furiously in the direction of the scent.

They will discover a seal-hole, entirely by the smell, a very great distance. Meanwhile, their desire to attack even so ferocious an animal as a bear is so great that the word *nennook*, which signifies that animal in the Esquimaux or Innuit language, is often used to encourage them while they are running in a sledge. Two or three dogs led forward by a man will fasten upon the largest bear without hesitation.

Indeed, they are eager to chase any animal except the wolf. Of the latter, however, they have an instinctive terror, which manifests itself on his approach by loud and continued howls.

These dogs lead a very fatiguing, and often painful life. In Summer, when they are fed in abundance on the skin and blubber of the walrus, they are fat and vigorous, but in Winter their living is very precarious, since their masters have but little to spare, and the dogs become miserably thin, and this, too, at a time when their work is the hardest.

While the dogs had been gathered about the body of the bear on the sledge, Terence had hastened to the house and thence to the barn, and presently reappeared, bearing in his arms a coil of moderately thick rope, besides a ball of smaller twine. Thus encumbered, he made his way as best he could, and as rapidly as possible, down the precipitous descent. At a sign from the captain, he kept himself secluded from the sight of the dogs by dodging behind the hummocks of ice. Thus proceeding, he presently joined the group behind the little berg where they were watching the dogs, that were now tearing at the flesh of the Polar bear.

"An' shure, your honor," said Terence to the captain, "them bastes beyant will be spiling the fine fur off the back of the bear, thin what will you do for your Winter clothing?"

The captain laughed.

"I am afraid, Terence, we will have to take our chances of that. We need the dogs a good deal more than we do the bear-skin, and if we get them, it will not be long, I guess, before we will find another bear."

Greenough, who was standing a little aside with Wilcox, here remarked:

"I cannot imagine what idea the captain has in his mind with regard to those dogs; can you?"

"Not exactly," replied the *Herald* correspondent; "and yet I suspect he knows what he is about. He is a long-headed chap, this little captain of ours, and has had considerable experience in the Arctic region."

Here Lieutenant Jasper was heard to say to his commander:

"How long do you intend to let them feed?"

"Oh, till they get full," said the captain. "They will be easier caught, and by this time it seems as if it would not be long before that condition was reached."

The dogs had readily torn the bear to pieces, despite the cold atmosphere, and although the flesh had begun to freeze before they attacked him. They were having a feast, indeed, and ate as though they had had nothing for a very long time.

The party hidden behind the berg were obliged to wait at least fifteen minutes, and as it was exceedingly cold, although the sun was shining brightly, they kept themselves warm by moving about constantly.

At least, one of them did not particularly fancy this sort of occupation. This was Terence, who, while dancing an impromptu war-dance on the ice, and shaking his fingers and slapping his arms about his body to keep the blood in circulation, could be heard every now and then uttering muttered ejaculations of disgust at the situation.

At length, however, the dogs began to draw off from their feast, and sat crouched about, licking their chops, and evidently gorged with their hearty meal. This was the moment chosen by Captain St. Clair for his descent upon them. He had already uncoiled the long rope brought by Terence, and unwound considerable of the ball of twine, and was now seen to be engaged in making a slip-noose at one end of the former.

"One of those dogs," he said to the young men who had approached him and were watching his movements with considerable interest—"one of those dogs is the leader of the rest, and if I succeed in catching him I will have no trouble with the others."

"Which one do you think it is?" said Wilcox.

"I am quite certain," he replied, "of its being that large, dark-gray one, who sits on his haunches alone, apparently very watchful, but really useless as a guard."

"And why so?" asked the others.

"Because," said the captain, "the fresh taste of raw meat will have destroyed the scent, by which he would otherwise, even if the other dogs had not done so, have discovered our whereabouts by this time."

He had succeeded in making a slip-noose, and formed what could readily be made to answer, in the hand of an expert, the place of a lasso.

"That," said Wilcox, "is rather a curious weapon of offense to use in a snow-bound and ice-bound region like this."

"All is fair in war," answered the captain, "and I would use a boomerang or an assegai, or any other tropical weapon, if I had it, and wanted to kill; in this case, however, I only want to catch."

They were not more than thirty yards from the dogs, and between their persons and the latter were several small hummocks, taking advantage of which, a man could easily approach his game from the leeward side without being discovered.

The captain gave his orders, and the others, taking hold of so much of the coil of rope as he did not need to use, proceeded to obey them. Stealing in a crawling position from the berg, he crept over the ice, keeping the hummocks between him and the dogs, until he had reached a point perhaps a dozen yards from the one he had selected for his victim. He had weighted his lasso with a couple of heavy lead balls, which had been brought, according to his directions, by Terence, and poising the whole affair in his right hand, he now rose erect and swung it about his head until it had gained sufficient impetus, when he flung it in the direction of the dogs.

It was a successful throw, and caught the animal about his neck and forelegs, when, drawing it tightly, the captain pulled him from his haunches, and at the same time the others, with very rapid steps, rushed forward and formed a cordon about the astonished group of canines, who were so frightened by the attack upon their leader, and the mysterious appearance of these uncouth and curiously habited strangers, as to permit the latter to do pretty much as they liked with them.

It was the work of a very few moments to attach the small cord to the collars of walrus hides about their necks. One would have supposed that these animals had no spirit, or had been deprived of what little pluck and nerve they originally possessed, the fact being, however, that so hearty a meal acts upon the Esquimaux dog pretty much in the same fashion as it does upon his master, making him inert and incapable of action for some time.

The chief dog was speedily released from the pressure of the rope about his neck, and tied with a cord like the others.

On counting, it was found that there were twenty-two fine, healthy specimens of the breed. After their first fright, they did not seem in the least bit alarmed, but being caressed and treated kindly, proved to be docile, and evidently well trained.

The next thing was to get them up to the house, and this was accomplished, though with some difficulty, by leading them, much against their will, up the steep declivity. They were taken to the barn, where they were safely housed and cared for. Terence was appointed keeper on the spot, an office to which he at once attached himself with great interest and satisfaction.

But the labors of the hunters were not yet over; the remains of the carcass of the bear still offered a prospect of securing the hide, though doubtless considerably injured. It was accordingly determined to drag the whole body on the sledge to the house.

A winding road, which was not quite so steep as that by which they had come down, offered advantages in the matter of transportation, and although the distance was considerably further, the five men succeeded in about three-quarters of an hour in drawing the sledge with its burden to the barn, where Terence, under the direction of Lieutenant Jasper, succeeded in divesting the bear of its skin.

The latter was found to be in better condition than was anticipated, and being at once put under the proper course of preparation, promised to furnish a very warm and very valuable adjunct to the clothing department of the party.

By this time, some two hours having been occupied in the exciting events which we have narrated, all were sufficiently fatigued to enter the house and receive the congratulations of the ladies and the professor, who had witnessed the whole performance from their window.

They now divested themselves of their outer garments and were soon seated around the table enjoying the ample meal which had been provided for them, and whose preparation we have already mentioned.

The afternoon was passed in reading and sleeping by the gentlemen, and in sewing by the ladies. But evening found them, as was their usual custom, gathered about the great table, the roaring fire on the hearth and in the hot stove making the room glowing and comfortable, while the large lamp on the table shed its light upon the faces of this isolated group.

After some desultory conversation, Wilcox reminded the captain of his promise to lay before the party his ideas with regard to their future course.

The suggestion was received by Professor Corbeau and the ladies with acquiescence, and the captain cleared his throat and prepared himself for an important statement.

"My friends," he began, "without altogether agreeing with my learned friend, the professor, in his theory of the cause of the remarkable climatic change which we have witnessed, I may observe that I have no positive evidence against it, though I shall possibly have another theory to offer."

Here the professor rubbed his hands and smiled eloquently, as one who felt assured that his position was impregnable.

Wilcox observed this, and with the sarcastic humor which was a part of his character slyly remarked:

"Excuse me, professor, but at what hour does the sun rise to-morrow?"

The professor darted a quick glance from beneath his shaggy eyebrows at his tormentor, but his face immediately cleared up, and he took the banter in good part.

"Ah, my young friend, you have me there, I admit," he said; "but science, although it can undoubtedly account for everything in nature, does not always supply its advantages of information at the moment when they are most desired. I confess that I cannot explain phenomena of an Arctic condition, accompanied by the customary elevation of the solar orb, as we have been in the habit of witnessing it in the temperate zone. But I protest that since there is no other explanation of these phenomena forthcoming, mine should be accepted temporarily."

"Granted," replied Wilcox, and the captain, who had waited patiently, and smiling pleasantly at the interruption, now proceeded.

"There is one fact that is obvious," he said, "which is, that we are not only in a comparatively Arctic region, but that we are, so far as we know, alone. I may say as to this that I have, in the various short excursions that I have made from this house since our confinement in it, examined a considerable part of the island."

This was news to the others, and they waited with interest for what would come next. The captain continued:

"I made, a few days ago, a laborious pilgrimage as far as the village, and to the residence of the Knight of Kerry, and I can assure you, my friends, that my trip was anything but exhilarating in its effects upon my mind, or in the nature of the scenes which I witnessed. Briefly, I can tell you that the result of my examination was sorrowful in the extreme. It is evident that the opening of this extraordinary ice period, if I may be permitted"—bowing to the professor—"to interpolate a scientific appellation, was followed almost immediately by an emigration, I might say an exodus, of the entire population of the island, or at least of those who lived to get away; for there were, alas! many who were not so fortunate. The hillsides of this island, recently beautiful in verdure and luxuriant in blossom and fruitage, are now not only covered deeply with snow and ice, but are also burdened with the remains of the flocks and herds that lately browsed upon them; and this is not all, for buried beneath the snow, and even scattered about its frozen surface, half-hidden in some instances, in others almost entirely exposed, are the frozen remains of poor creatures who were unable to follow their companions, or to accompany them in their departure. The weak, the sickly, old age and infancy seem to have perished miserably under this terrible dispensation. Only the strong and the active were enabled to flee from the horrors which thus unaccountably came upon them."

The captain paused, and the saddening impression of his story was evident in the tearful eyes of Mrs. Houghton and her daughter, and in the stern silence of the others. None had expected this, nor indeed, had the question as to what had become of those who dwelt upon the island ever been much discussed among them.

"Now," said the captain, "I saw that even in their haste, and in the face of the pitiless condition which had come upon them, this fleeing and terror-stricken people did not forget to listen to the promptings [illegible] humanity. My friends, not the least saddening of the sights I have witnessed were the evidences of efforts made on their part to relieve us from the dangers of our position. It is in evidence in the tracks upon the surface of the snow, and in other signs, that they made every attempt to cut their way to us before finally and necessarily leaving us to our fate. But such a task was certainly hopeless; we can only trust that it was not pursued so far as to bring danger, or perhaps death, upon those who so generously risked their own lives to save ours. Following the tracks to the shore of the strait that separates this island from the mainland, I discovered, easily, the way in which the two or three thousand persons who may have escaped, directed their steps; this was, as we might naturally suppose, southward. Of course the first thought of each of these unhappy people would be that to the south alone lay refuge and hope. Let us trust, my friends, that this attempt to escape has proved successful, and that the flying community has been given strength sufficient to enable them to proceed on their toilsome journey to a conclusion of life and safety. I wish, indeed, that I could hope for such a result, but, so far as these people are concerned, and indeed, as to the inhabitants of Great Britan itself, I confess I do not expect it."

On hearing these ominous words all present were deeply impressed, and a general movement showed with what intensity of interest they listened to the captain, while at the same time an expression of surprise and horror passed over their features, as they wondered whether his terrible suggestions could indeed be true, and if so, what had happened, and what was to become of themselves. For a few moments there was silence, and then the professor spoke:

“But, captain, you must have some idea different from any that has yet been broached as to the causes of all this; if so, I beg that you will give us the benefit of it, that we may at least understand something of what has happened, and what we may expect.”

The others expressed in their countenances the same desire, but the captain continued silent; his face had assumed a very serious cast, and he was evidently thinking deeply, and balancing in his mind conflicting propositions. At length he said:

“God knows I am in no position to assume to myself capacity for judgment as to the reasons for this awful catastrophe; but since what I do think should perhaps have some weight, from the fact of my long experience as a seaman, and my many journeys in Arctic lands and seas, I must venture to tell you my thoughts and give you my advice, though these, I know, will differ greatly from your own conceptions of the case.

“Briefly, then, I do not think that there has been that remarkable, though not entirely exceptional, phenomenon known as a change of poles. My reading and study, both in Arctic and tropical regions, have taught me that this must have been the case at least once in the history of the earth, and possibly often. Scenes which I have witnessed in Eastern Europe and in Western America, in Patagonia, and even so far north as eighty-three degrees north latitude, have convinced me of the probability, and I might say certainty, that this has occurred. The incident is laid down by geologists as having happened at various periods, some defining these at about ten thousand years, others ambitious enough to believe that they can calculate them at distances apart of a thousand centuries. Admitting the facts, but disputing the calculations, I must deny that either the one or the other has anything to do with the present situation in this latitude. I have a totally different opinion.”

“And that is?” cried all the others, at once.

“The turning of the Gulf Stream from the Atlantic Ocean into the Pacific,” said Captain St. Clair, with emphasis, while all started back, surprised and almost awe-stricken at the presentation to their minds of the possibility of such an occurrence. “I do not wonder,” he continued, “at your astonishment, nor at your alarm. Indeed, there is more reason for the latter than probably you yourselves imagine. Such an occurrence has been long viewed by physical geographers as a possible catastrophe, which must needs prove a fearful calamity to the people of Western Europe, and though in a lesser degree, to those of Eastern America, possibly so far south in both instances as, we will say, the coast of Northern Spain on the one side and that of the Carolinas on the other.”

“But, my dear sir,” said Greenough, who had not yet spoken, “on what grounds do you base this theory?”

“Mainly, my young friend,” replied the captain, “on incidents which you, best of all of us, can testify, and chief among these the stoppage of telegraphic communication, just at the moment when we should have been informed of the successful carrying out of the enterprise of the cutting through of the Isthmus of Darien.

“To conclude this lengthy and necessarily serious lecture, my friends, I will assert again that I believe this to have been the ultimate cause of the present state of things in this region, and as I am convinced the same condition must extend through Eastern Europe down to a point as far south as the Pyrenees, you will understand why I think it doubtful if our unhappy island population and the people of the adjoining country can have progressed far enough south for safety in the time allotted them. Indeed, I do not believe that if we were to undertake the same journey we would meet with any other than the same end.”

“What, then, is to become of us?” almost shrieked Mrs. Houghton, fairly startled out of her usual self-control by this unexpected presentment.

“Indeed, yes,” said the professor; “if we cannot go south, where on earth can we go for safety?”

“That, my friends,” said the captain, rising and extending his right arm, to make his speech the more impressive, “is precisely the question I anticipated from you from the first, and which I am driven to answer in a manner which you would scarcely anticipate. If we cannot go south, what else is there for us to do but to go north?”

“To go north?” cried the others, in chorus.

“Why,” said the professor, “my friend, you are mad to leave a cold region for a colder one; surely this is sufficiently ice-bound.”

“By Jove!” cried Lieutenant Jasper, starting up and overturning his chair with unusual excitement, “the captain is right. I begin to see where he is drifting.”

Captain St. Clair seated himself and looked at his junior approvingly.

“Well, what do you think about it, Jasper?” said Wilcox, while all the rest leaned forward to listen eagerly for his reply.

“Why, just this,” said the lieutenant, punctuating his remarks with a succession of quick raps upon the table with his clinched fist. “If the Gulf Stream has gone into the Pacific, though how it could get through such a narrow space as a little ship canal, supposing they have succeeded in cutting it through, is more than I can understand; but if it has got through, and it looks like it, the Gulf Stream is going to start right up north with its full swing, and not only that, but when it gets to the coast of Japan, it will be doubled by the black current, and hang me if the pair of them won't go whirling through that Behring's Strait like a mill-stream.”

“And what will happen then?” shouted Greenough, and by this time all were on their feet.

“Then, why, then there will be hot water enough poured into the Arctic Ocean to melt all the ice around the Pole, and you will have an open Polar Sea and the tropics over again, both together, or I miss my guess.”

At this speech, after delivering which, the lieutenant seated himself and mopped his face with his red bandana handkerchief. Those present stared at each other in mute astonishment.

“Well, my friends,” said the captain, “you have heard the whole story, now what is your decision? Shall we go south or go north?”

Altogether, and with one voice, they cried:

“We will go north!”

[To be continued.]

“Topsy-Turvy” was commenced in No. [illegible].

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CAVERN AND ITS MYSTERIOUS OCCUPANT—A CONSULTATION—POMP'S SECRET.

MICKEY O'ROONEY waited until the children had vanished over the crest of the hill, and he was sure that no one was within hearing except his tried and trusty friend, Long Jim Shafto, with whom he had hunted and scouted so long that he was glad to trust him with the greatest secret of his life.

The veteran ranger of the plains seemed to have a suspicion of what was in the Irishman's mind, as he showed by his question.

“Don't you think I know what it means, Mickey?”

“I've 'spicioned that ye did; but isn't it wonderful, isn't the same?”

“It has bothered me for more nor a year past, and I don't s'pose I'll ever understand what it all means. Are you sure you seed him?”

The Irishman shook his head, as if he did not like this implied doubt of his convictions.

“Mickey O'Rooney don't boast of having any more courage than yerself, Jim, and there's nobody that'll deny that yer as brave a man as iver rode the plains of Texas. There warn't any sense in talking in the presence of them childer, bekase they wouldn't know what we was chinning about. But there need be no fooling between us.”

“I don't want any, Mickey. But I was thinking that it might be that you was so flustered that you didn't righuly understand what it all was. I allow that a sight like that would upset me quicker than the sight of Lone Wolf and a thousand roarin' Apaches.”

“Do you remimber that it was mesilf that wasn't upset till arter all this happened? If I had had time to think I might have got things sorter mixed, but that wasn't the way of it. It all come on me and was over afore I knowed what it was.”

“Did he speak to you?”

“Didn't ye hear me say that he spoke? It was that which tipped me right over, as much as the sight of the spirit himself.”

“What was it that he said?”

As Jim asked this question he shuddered in a way that showed he almost dreaded to hear the answer.

“It was only a few words. He just looked at me in that awful style he has, and he says, ‘Well, what do you want here?’ That was all, and that was enough. I didn't wait to hear any more, but got out as best I could. But I was all knocked in a heap, and lay on the ground for a while before I could summon the stringth to get back to the childer, and thin I was so scared that it scared them to obsarve me.”

“And arter he spoke what did he do?”

“He turned about and walked back into the cavern, and that was the last that I obsarved of him.”

“Whar is the place?” asked the old scout, looking timidly down the slope, like a man who fears he is doing some guilty thing.

“Right down there,” replied the Irishman, indicating the place where he had received the greatest fright of his life.

From their standpoint they could see nothing but the rocks themselves. Not the least part of the opening was observable, though the Irishman was able to locate the spot very exactly.

“Do ye want to go down and make a call on him?” asked Mickey, in a husky whisper.

Long Jim Shafto started as if he heard the warning of a rattlesnake at his feet.

The wealth of the universe would not have tempted him to make the venture thus suggested by the Irishman, whose waggishness had a way of cropping out at the most unexpected times.

The scout made no answer, for the reason that he was unable to do justice to such a question.

Without seeking to mystify that which must be a mystery still, it may be said that the Irishman, in making his way down the slope for the purpose of obtaining a closer survey of Lone Wolf and the Apaches, had halted in front of the cavern occupied by the Phantom of the Prairie!

The being which came forth to greet him, and to learn his business in invading a place which had never been approached before by any human being, was recognized as the creature known, by that strange appellation for two years past.

It was this recognition which so froze the Hibernian with terror that he could make no reply, and, indeed, do nothing but crawl back a few paces and wait till he recovered sufficient strength to climb back up the hill to where the brother and sister were anxiously awaiting his return.

These two scouts, as our readers have learned in other stories, had met this strange being known as the Phantom of the Prairie at intervals for more than two years past.

Our readers have learned also how often, at the most critical periods, it had interfered and saved more than one white man from impending death at the hands of the Apaches.

It was natural that all who possessed any real knowledge of the Phantom should feel under inexpressible obligations to it for these intercessions in their behalf.

But while this was so, there was that superstitious feeling which caused them all, with the exception of Colonel Melville, perhaps, to look upon it as a creature belonging altogether to the other world.

Though there were times when they longed for its appearance to save them from threatened death and torture, yet it was impossible that there should not be also a feeling of absolute terror mingling with the emotions of those who so longed for its coming.

Never before in the history of the two scouts had either of them met the Phantom during the daytime.

And now, when it fell to the lot of the Irishman to be that favored or afflicted individual, as the case may be, the fellow was overwhelmed.

Had this been the first time that Mickey was placed in its presence, he might have accepted it as a warning that his own death was impending, such being the general superstition.

But the history of the Phantom of the Prairie, if it proved one thing more than another, proved that when it was seen by a white man it was the most favorable of omens.

O'Rooney, therefore, could feel no misgiving on that score.

It was the recollection that he had stood face to face with the dread being, and that he had been directly and pointedly addressed by it, that so moved his very being.

There was silence between the scouts while they were furtively peering at the place in which this had occurred, and then Jim asked, in the same frightened voice:

“Did you make any answer to it, Mickey?”

“Did I make any answer to it?” he repeated, in amazement. “I couldn't spake a word if ten lives were depending on me doing the same. No, indaad, I was compilled to be so ungentaal that I went away without answering the question which, I s'pose, the gintleman put to me in good faith; but so it was.”

The scouts were anxious to leave and join their friends in camp, for they knew they were expected, but they were held to the spot by a fascination similar to that which holds the victim helpless under the fixed gaze of the rattlesnake.

Finally Jim rose to go.

Mickey had so far regained his strength that he did the same, and yet the two stood motionless, looking in the direction of the cavern-home of the mysterious creature.

“You didn't see anything of his horse, I s'pose, Mickey?”

“Niver a bit, but I could have found out whare he kaaps the same if I had axed him the question, but the sarcumstances warn't of the most favorable character for holding an extinded interview whin one of the parties to the same was so frightened that he didn't know whither he was Mickey O'Roopey or the Phantom of the Prairie himself, which was the way of the same.”

“There is no use of our staying here,” said Jim, starting to go back to camp. “We have learned one thing, Mickey, which we never knowed afore, and that is whar *it* stays when *it* isn't abroad.”

“Yis, that we have, and that's enough for all practical purposes, as me respicted father was in the habit of obsarving whin he was told that I was in the neighborhood of anything that turned up missing.”

With a lingering look at the spot which must always have a strange interest to the scouts, they moved on down the slope and joined the party in camp, where there were some murmurings at their prolonged absence, when they expected to be under way long before this.

Of course there was no reference by either of the hunters to the real cause of their tardiness.

In a few minutes all was ready, but when the start was about to take place it was found that Elijah Snooks was missing.

No one seemed to know what had become of him, until Colonel Melville made some inquiries of Pomp, who at once affected a profound knowledge of the individual.

“I reckon dat I knows sumfin' ob dat gem'man. Wal, yes, I reckon dat I does—maybe—perhaps.”

“Well, then, what is it? If you can tell us where he is, let's hear, and don't affect to know so much more than you really do; has anything happened to him?”

“Dat I couldn't say,” replied the African, his manner more loftily wise than before. “I guess dar hain't nuffin' happened to him jis' yit, but it's likely fur to come along; he's off on a wisit.”

The colonel looked at the negro, as if he thought that, besides his natural stupidity, he had become crazy.

Convinced that nothing was to be gained in that direction, Melville turned on his heel, saying, loud enough for the rest to hear:

“No one seems to know where Mr. Snooks is, and all we can do is to wait until he comes back. He would not go away in this fashion unless he had good cause for it, for he is one of the most sensible gentlemen I ever met.”

As the colonel was the director-in-chief of the party, there was no one to say him nay to a proposition of this kind, though several were disposed to wonder why his patience was so much greater with this person's absence than with any one else.

Young Ned looked significantly at his sister, who thought of the words that had passed on the hilltop regarding Snooks.

They, however, said nothing.

Pomp was quiet for a minute after the repulse of his master, but all could see that he was ready to explode with the mightiness of some information which he possessed, and which was likely to prove fatal unless he should give it vent some way.

Striding off a rod or so, as if to get beyond earshot of the rest, he turned his head and crooked his finger toward his master.

The latter did not respond for a moment, but as the crooking continued, he advanced to where the African stood and asked what was up.

“I've got a secret to tell you, and it's an orful one, and I'm worried almost to def, and I don't know whether I orter tell you or not. What do you think, massar colonel?”

“I don't think anything about it; you can do as you please.”

“Wal, den I guess dat I hadn't better say nuffin 'bout it.”

“Very well,” remarked the colonel, as he turned again to walk away.

But this was not what Pomp wanted.

He had become convinced that he must tell that secret or it would kill him.

He thought, after what he said, that the man would question and coax him to impart his stupendous knowledge, and was therefore disappointed when he showed such indifference.

“Hold on, masser colonel,” he called out, as the gentleman started to leave; “what's the use ob going off in such a huff as dat? Didn't you hear me when I said dat I had sumfin fur to tell you?”

“You said something of the kind, but as you didn't know whether it was safe to trust me, why, that ended it, so far as I am concerned.”

This intimation from his master that his own servant distrusted him took Pomp aback, and he hastened to disclaim any such intention.

“Gracious alive! dat wasn't no such ting at all! I only wanted you to promise dat you wouldn't tell nobody what I'se going fur to tell you, for it am a mighty secret. Mos' folks would have busted if they had to carry it.”

“Whatever you say to me shall be guarded as safely as my own secrets, all of which you ought to know, Pomp, without any such palaver.”

“Den you won't tell nobody nuffin 'bout it?”

“Of course not,” replied Colonel Melville, beginning to feel some amusement and curiosity to learn what was the matter with the fellow.

“You'll took your oaf to dat?”

“Certainly.”

“Your-dyin' oath?”

“Yes, yes; I'll take a dozen oaths, if you want me to.”

“No, one good one is enough fur me,” said Pomp, looking furtively over his shoulder, as if to make sure that no one was within hearing. “I'll tell you what it is—but dar stands Long Jim laughin' at me, and I'd rather we'd git further off dan we is now.”

“Let's take him into the secret,” suggested the colonel. “You know he is a trustworthy man, and a great friend of yours.”

The proposition was assented to, and Pomp crooked his finger toward the scout, who, suspecting some fun, stalked solemnly to the spot, and placed himself in an attitude of attention.

“Pomp, here, is going to tell me a great secret,” said Melville, with a wink at Jim, “and I suggested that, as you were such a particular friend of his, you would feel offended if he should slight you.”

“You are correct,” replied the scout, with an affectation of offended dignity; “it would have busted my heart if he'd treated me with such a slight as that.”

“Golly! I'd been sorry if dat happen,” said the African, like a man who has just had a narrow escape from some calamity; “I'se wery much obliged to you, massor, fur mindin' me ob me forgetfulness.”

“You came very near committing another mistake almost as great,” said Colonel Melville, with a serious air.

“What's dat?”

“There is Mickey O'Rooney; he knows there is something up, and when he sees you call Jim to one side, and leave him, it is proper that he should feel slighted, and I shouldn't be surprised, too, if he should make you fight him for it.”

“Gollynation!” exclaimed the frightened negro, “am dat so? Wall, we'll hab to fix dat.”

The Irishman happened to be looking in the direction of the group at that moment, and Pomp crooked his finger toward him, with a hurry and earnestness which brought the fellow to the spot in a bound or two.

Long Jim explained the situation to Mickey, who took it in at once and gave an awful look to the frightened African.

“The remark which the colonel jis' remarked to ye,” he said, with a face and expression of terrible import, “was remarkable for its truth. If thar is any one thing that the O'Rooney family prides itself on in the owld counthry, it is that none of 'em ever allowed any one to insult 'em. There's me uncle, now. I make no doubt that he averaged something like three men a week that he slewed for daring to be insoolting to him, and when the season was a good one, he averaged one a day. He was the man who would never allow any one, no matter who it was, to indulge in any slight of him or any of his relations. No matter where it came from, or who was the man, he had to answer for it. Ye have heerd of that little affair he had with the Prince of Wales whin he was making a tour through Ireland, haven't ye?”

The colonel replied that he might have heard it, but it had slipped his mind.

“It made quite a stir at the time, and all the papers published pictures and sketches of me owld man, who was found to be a direct descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte on one side, and the Emperor Alexander on the other.

“The way of it was, that young Wales was making his tour through Ireland, the gim of the sea, whin one morning he was out walking, and he met me father and mither on their way home from Mickey Flaherty's wake. Me father salooted the prince as he recognized him, but the prince sorter turned up his nose, as though he considered such stock below him.

“That set the O'Rooney blood b'iling, and me father went at him with a sprig of the shillalah. Afore they could haul him off, he give the Prince of Wales a cracked head and blacked his two eyes. Whin the Queen heard of it she had me father knighted, for she said she knew the prince desarved the licking, and whin he arrived home she meant to lay him over her lap, and not stop till he wasn't able to sit down. That was the way with all the O'Rooneys. If Pomp had slighted me, he'd wake up some morning and found that he wasn't here, nor anywhere else.”

The African was sure that the watchfulness of his master had prevented a serious *faux pas*, and he inwardly resolved that hereafter he would exercise greater care in such important matters.

“Wal, now dat we's all here,” said the negro, with an air of great relief, “I s'pose we may as well perceed wid de entertainment.”

“Hold on, hold on,” protested Long Jim, as if he had made an all important discovery; “do yer know what you come mighty near doin'?”

“What's dat?”

“Do yer notice that young Harrod standing off there talking with Inez, with his hand restin' on his shootin'-iron?”

All looked in that direction, where the young man was observed in the attitude described.

“Well, he's a reg'lar fire-eater, and he's fixing it all with the gal. He looked this way every time you called one of us, and he made up his mind that he'd lave ye alone till ye got through, and then he'd just pick you off with his revolver as you walked back.”

This was more than enough for the African, who turned his head, and instead of crooking his finger merely, he drew his whole arm in toward his face several times, calling out the name of Dick Harrod at the same time.

The young man would have preferred to remain where he was, engaged in his conversation with Inez, but he obeyed the signal, and joined the increasing group.

Here it was made known to him that the African was the depositary of a mighty secret, which he had been induced to make known, provided all gave a solemn pledge that nothing in the world should persuade them to make it known to any living person.

Dick gave the promise promptly, and then assumed an eager interest, like a criminal waiting to hear the verdict.

Pomp squared himself to unbosom, when Colonel Melville raised his hand by way of protest.

“What's up now?” asked the African, with a perplexed air.

“My son Ned is almost a man grown; what he is considered not worthy to hear I do not choose to listen to.”

“Gorrynation, I was jis gwine to call him,” replied the bewildered Pomp. “Why can't you gib a feller a chance to do what he wants to afore you pitches into him? Say, you, Ned!”

After repeating the call several times in a rising key, the lad turned his head and saw Pomp bending his finger at him.

“I'd like to know what you want of me,” said the boy, as he came slowly forward and caught the wink from his parent.

“Can you keep a secret, Ned?” asked the African, with the same assumption of importance that marked him at first.

“I don't think any person has found cause to regret trusting me,” replied Ned, seeing at once that some fun was on foot.

“Dat's the kind ob roosters dat we want, and I hab your promise dat you won't spoke ob what I purposes to tell you to any libing person in all de outside world?"

Ned took his cue from his father and gave the required pledge.

"Wal, de all importantest t'ing dat I was gwine for to discorse to you about am a matter dat am important, and I tink dat——"

It was Mickey O'Rooney who broke in this time.

"I'm marciful enough to beleve that ye don't know the insult you come so nigh haaping on the young leddy over there, by the laving of her alone while ye are indooiging in a confab wid us. If there's anything in the world that an Irishman, which his name is Mickey O'Rooney, can niver submit to it is the slighting of the young leddies. Do ye obsarve the wistful look of the bonnie gal there?"

Poor Pomp stared in helpless amaze.

"Gollynation! am dar any more relations dat you can think of? Dar's Lone Wolf—can't somebody go and fotch him in?"

Inez, being signaled to in the same way as was the others, came forward, wondering why she was called to take part in what seemed to be a council of war.

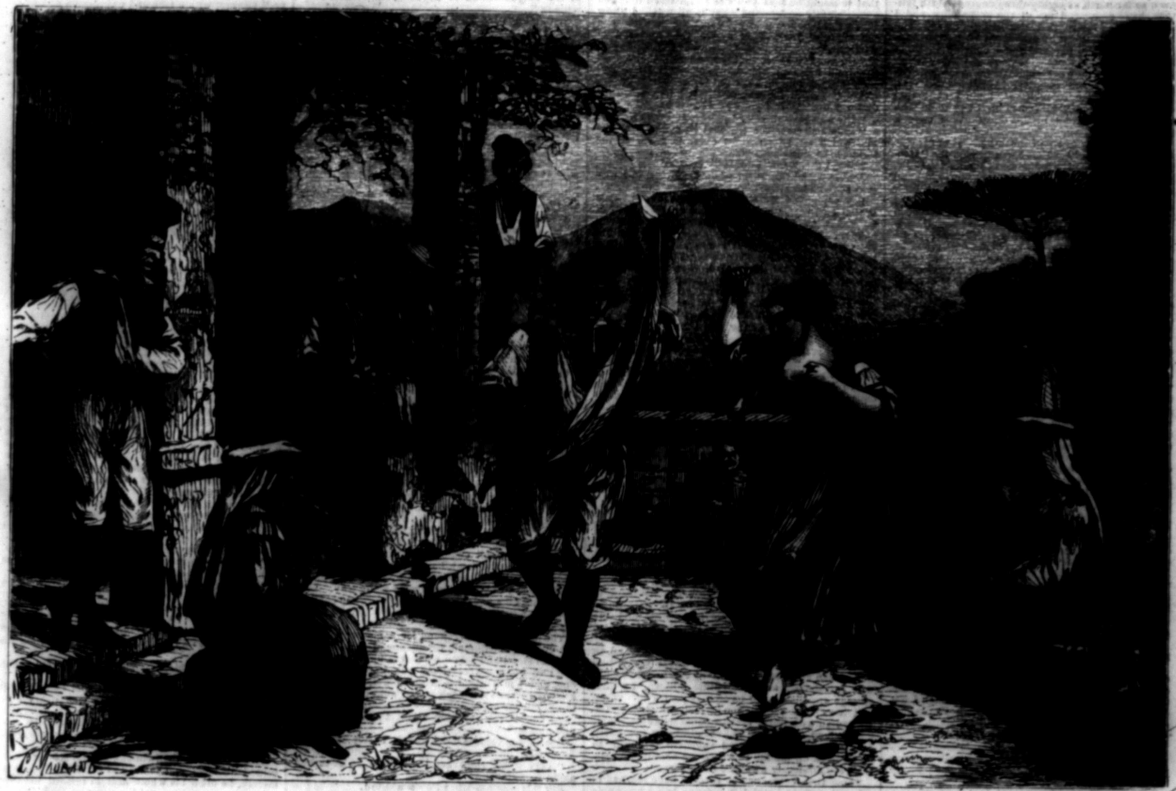
In a minute or two it was all explained to her, and she took the "oath" the same as the rest.

The entire party were now present, with the exception of the one missing, to hear the profound secret of the African.

Pomp scratched his head in a puzzled way, while all were on a grin of expectation.

"Wal, dar," he said, looking round in the waiting faces, "ain't dat quar? I had an orful seegret to tell you—one dat would make your ha'r stand on an end—and now I've done gone and *forgot al 'bot it! Yah, yah!*"

If there was anybody sold just then it certainly was not Pomp.



TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—THE DANCING MANIA.—THE TARANTELLA.—SEE PAGE 14.

CHAPTER XXII.

SINGULAR MOVEMENTS—THE PHANTOM—A DISAPPEARANCE.

THERE was a general laugh over the clever manner in which Pomp had gotten the best of the party, who fancied they were playing a trick at his expense.

Colonel Melville thought there might be something in the secret which the negro proposed to tell, and insisted that he should let them know what it was.

But the African was positive that it was clean gone from his memory, and when such was the fact, of course it was useless to press him.

So they were compelled to let him go, and wait until Elijah Snooks should choose to put in an appearance.

But an idea had struck Mickey O'Rooney, and with a wink to Long Jim, he made his way casually up the slope to the top of the hill, where they were standing at the time of discussing the Phantom of the Prairie, which the Irishman had met face to face.

The hunter knew what Mickey meant, and said nothing, but when they reached the point of observation, his friend said, in an undertone, as if fearful that they might be overheard:

"We'll take a little squint hereafter a bit; and in the meantime we'll hide ourselves out of sight."

Where there were rocks of all sizes and forms around them, there was no difficulty in disposing of themselves in such a way that all danger of being seen from the spot they were watching was gone.

The particular point which was under the eyes of the scouts was that in which Mickey had met the Phantom of the Prairie

Having secured a good spot, both fastened their gaze upon it, and waited with the patience of men trained in their peculiar lives.

Some ten minutes passed away in perfect silence, the men never saying a word, even in a whisper.

They understood each other, and there was no need for it.

At the end of the time mentioned they were rewarded with a discovery that repaid them.

Near the spot which was so vividly impressed upon the mind of the Irishman that he could never mistake it, the head and shoulders of a man suddenly appeared.

He raised up and looked around like one who was desirous of finding whether the coast was clear before he ventured out.

The point where he appeared was the very one from which the Irishman issued when he struggled away more dead than alive from the presence of the dreaded phantom of the prairie.

The instant the face was seen, both recognized it as that of Elijah Snooks.

Even now the scouts said nothing to each other. They were not disappointed in that respect.

A brief scrutiny satisfied Snooks that no human eye was on the lookout for him, and he emerged from the cavern, or, rather, from its vicinity, and began making his way toward the top of the hill, with the evident intention of returning to camp.

Fortunately for the purposes of the hiding scouts, he took a roundabout course to do it, so there was no danger of his detecting them.

When he was gone, these two friends quietly left their hiding-place, and made their way back to camp, where they arrived ahead of Snooks, who held no suspicion that he had been under the surveillance of any one.

The New Yorker himself explained that he was off on a little hunt for game, and had not noticed the passage of time, for which he hoped his friends would excuse him, and they did so.

It was not much that Long Jim Shafto and Mickey O'Rooney had seen, but it told a great deal.

In discussing the matter afterward, the Irishman insisted that he had suspected from the first that that spalpeen had dealings with fire and blue blazes, and now the thing was proven "onto him," so that he couldn't get out of it if he tried, in any court of justice in the world.

Jim had held no such suspicion of the man, though there was a mystery about him which made him mistrustful from the first.

Neither of the two had a particle of doubt that when they caught sight of the man, as already described, he was returning from an interview with the Phantom of the Prairie.

What the meaning of that meeting was they could not guess, nor did they attempt to do so.

The mystery surrounding the creature was impenetrable, and nothing would have induced them to try and lift the vail.

The supernatural and unknowable hold a strange charm and spell over the minds of the ignorant, and in considering the matter, there was an emotion of awe which nothing else in the world could excite.

But it is scarcely worth our while to say that Elijah Snooks was an individual who, from that time forth, was looked upon by the scouts as a wonderful man, whom they held in scarcely less dread than the Phantom of the Prairie itself.

The fact that the latter had long since proven himself a stanch friend of the whites ought to have made the men think that any one with whom the creature affiliated was equally well-disposed toward them. In a measure, this was so, but there was besides that a feeling of aversion which made them wish that Snooks was not with them.

They would have been glad if he had taken his departure and never shown himself again.

The company of a man who had proven himself in league with the evil one is not the kind which ordinary mortals hanker after.

They never intimated what they had learned and what they suspected to Snooks, nor indeed to any of the party.

They occasionally discussed the matter between themselves, but there was nothing more.

There was another fact observable which caused these friends much speculation.

Elijah Snooks and Colonel Melville were becoming more intimate than before.

When the company was under way, these men nearly always rode together, and at such times they talked a great deal, and in such guarded tones, that no one else could hear a word of what passed between them.

At night, too, when they went into camp, they managed to get away by themselves, where they discussed something which was of the deepest interest to both.

Mickey O'Rooney and Long Jim believed that the subject matter of all these talks was the Phantom of the Prairie.

He could not believe that anything else could occupy their minds so much, and they could scarcely conceive why that was of so much interest as to command hours after hours of their time.

Only once did Mickey overhear the colonel say anything about the creature regarding whom there was so much speculation and uncertainty, and then the single sentence was of great import.

It was a remark to the effect that, in his opinion, the time was not far off when the mystery of the Phantom of the Prairie would be made clear to all.

What was the precise cause of this remark was more than they could conjecture, or, more properly, it was beyond their attempt to conjecture.

They had long since given up the attempt to solve the truth, so far as it concerned *that* creation.

The decision of Colonel Melville was that the company would make their way back to the ranch, all keeping company up to that point.

Once there, several of the members would be released from further service of the colonel.

Long Jim was under a sort of engagement with Colonel Bailey, of Fort Sheridan, who wished him to go down in the Comanche country, returning by way of the hunting-grounds of the Apaches, there being reason to fear that some formidable movement was in contemplation by these tribes.

Mickey O'Rooney would probably go with him, though there was no certainty of it.

Dick Harrod had agreed to make a visit of several weeks at the ranch, and Elijah Snooks gave out that he would probably avail himself of Colonel Melville's hospitality for about the same time.

Pomp said he had in contemplation a journey around the world, and he didn't know but that the present was as good a time to start on it as any he was likely to see.

He had no funds with which to defray such expenses as were likely to arise, and he proposed a joint stock company for the purpose of raising money. The subscriptions, however, were not encouraging.

Such was the general understanding throughout the party during the two days succeeding the incident already described.

The strength of the party gave them a confidence in making their way over the prairie in the direction of the ranch such as they could not have felt with fewer numbers.

At the same time, whatever Indians took the liberty of scrutinizing the band must have gained a respect for their ability to defend themselves against all foes, for throughout the time mentioned, though they saw redskins in abundance, they were not molested in the least, nor was any attempt made to disturb their animals when encamped at night.

The two days of which we have spoken resulted in bringing them close to Melville Ranch; so close, indeed, that the colonel assured his friends they would be there on the morrow before the set of sun.

They should have reached it as it was, but not being in a hurry, they proceeded at a leisurely gait, as there was no valid reason why they should not give their animals all the time they wished.

When they went into camp, in sight of the hills which had served them as a guide for the last few days, the sun had set, and night was close at hand.

The place selected was near a small grove, through which ran a stream of water, these requirements being the very ones which are considered indispensable at such a time.

Just as the camp-fire was kindled a horseman rode up and saluted them.

He was recognized at once as an express-messenger from Fort Sheridan; in fact, the same man who had brought the letter to Colonel Melville from his daughter.

This man was on his way southward again, as a bearer of dispatches, and he spent the night in camp with the whites.

The news communicated by him was of a character to cause the colonel some uneasiness.

The Comanches and Apaches were going on the war-path again, and in more formidable numbers than for years. Scouts had come into the fort from the Indian country, telling the colonel there that one of the most sanguinary wars ever known along the frontier was impending.

Lone Wolf, the great war chief of the Apaches, was believed to be at the bottom of the movement which was so general.

He professed to be enraged at some treaty violation on the part of the whites, and was determined on vengeance.

The messenger said that Colonel Bailey was especially anxious for Long Jim and Mickey O'Rooney to come into the fort, as he was in need of the most experienced scouts he could secure.

All this resulted in the determination of Colonel Melville to press forward at an early hour in the morning to the ranch, so as to release these men and place them at the service of his friend, Colonel Bailey, as soon as possible.

(To be continued.)

"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 462.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XVI.

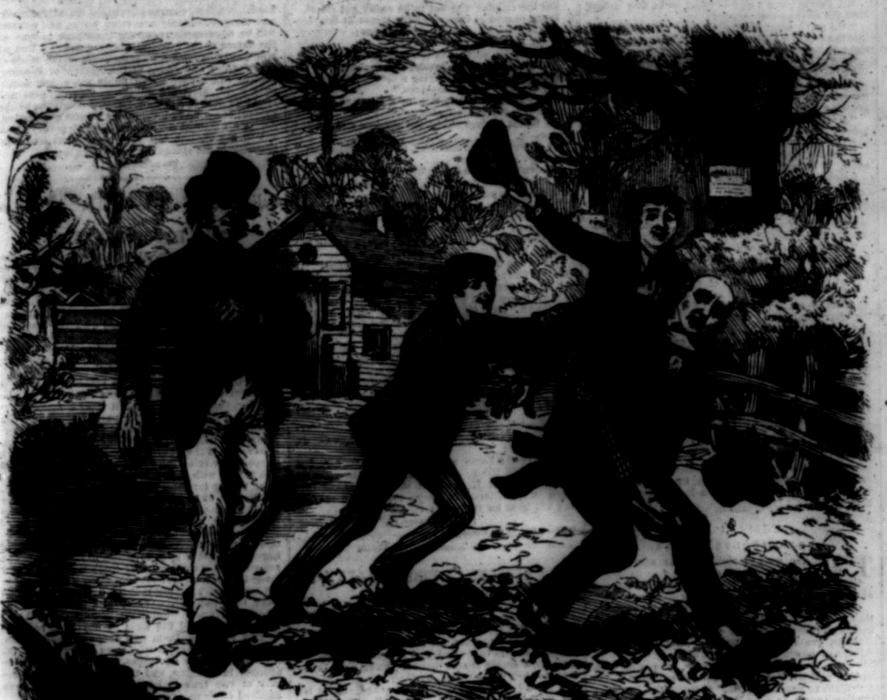
[Continued from page 414.]

THE Diddler, after a moment's hesitation, stepped into the boat.

Bob Fairfit immediately followed his example.

"Fine day for a row," said that light-hearted youth, taking an oar.

"Old Eat-his-wig not here, good old man. Right you are," said the Diddler, pushing off the boat.



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"'NO GO,' CRIED THE DIDDLER, WINDING HIS LONG LEGS ROUND THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S STOMACH."

But much to Bob's disgust, he insited upon rowing to a small island.

"Hadn't we better get away from here?" said Bob; "we can be seen from the bank."

"You don't know what you are talking about," retorted the Diddler, as he jumped ashore; "I'm on for a lark."

And he began fiddling about with the bow of the boat.

"What are you doing with that cord?" asked Bob.

"Never you mind," retorted the Diddler; "don't be in a hurry, dear boy—wait and see."

Bob watched him in silence, as he made a loop and put it over the bow of the boat.

"Now you row back to the bank, and put the boat in its old position," cried the Diddler, taking the end of the cord in his hand.

"Why should I leave you here?" asked Bob.

"Do what you are told, and look sharp about it, or we shall be caught," returned the Diddler.

After some discussion Bob Fairfit was prevailed upon to carry out his schoolfellow's instructions, and the boat and the plank were replaced with great care. And only just in time.

Footsteps were approaching, and Bob Fairfit seeing the Diddler dodge behind some shrubs, hastily followed his example.

He had barely reached the shelter of the bushes when two figures came in sight.

The Diddler, peering from his hiding-place on the island, recognized in one the person of Mr. Parrot.

But who was the other?

He rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was awake, and looked again.

It was Miffins, looking quite gay.

He was leaning upon the arm of Mr. Parrot, and conversing with him in a most familier manner.

An extraordinary change had taken place in Miffins's personal appearance.

His long legs were incased in a pair of white trowsers, and he sported a blue coat, and wore a chimney-pot hat jauntily cocked on one side of his large head.

His hands had been stuffed into a pair of lemon-colored kid-gloves, the fingers of which were much too long.

"There's nothing pleasanter than a row upon the river," observed Mr. Parrot.

"Nothing," acquiesced Miffins; "providing you have summat to drink whenever you like, and something to eat; otherwise it's dry work."

"What a wag you are!" cried Mr. Parrot; "I'll eat my wig if you are not full of your fun, now you've got some money."

Yielding to the politeness of his companion, Miffins was the first to enter the boat.

He had never been in a boat before, and stepped gingerly, as though fearful of overturning it at every moment.

He seated himself in the middle of the boat, and awkwardly took up an oar.

"Hold steady, there, or you'll get into the water!" cried Mr. Parrot.

"All right," said Miffins. "I only likes water when it's mixed with gin, and then not too much of it."

The old gentleman began to walk across the plank.

This was Diddler's opportunity.

He gave the cord a sudden pull, which made the boat glide away, leaving the plank without support.

Mr. Parrot gave a yell as he toppled over, and disappeared with a loud splash.

Miffins, who was much startled, made a frantic attempt to row back to shore, using his oar very much after the manner of a pitchfork.

He suddenly caught a crab, and his legs went up in the air.

"Oh, oh, I'm in for it. Help, help!" cried Mr Parrot, floundering about in perhaps three feet of water.

The Diddler, to do him justice, was well aware that the river was extremely shallow at that part.

He, therefore, left Mr. Parrot to splash and splutter, and wound up the cord, the sole evidence of his guilt, and put it in his pocket.

The Diddler then rushed out from behind the bush, and boldly plunged into the shallow water, while Bob, who had also come forth from his place of concealment, stood looking on.

"Diddler to the rescue. I'm coming. I'll help you out—trust to me," cried the Diddler, flinging his arms round Mr. Parrot's waist. "I've got you; you can reward me if you like for risking my life to save yours."

Bob Fairfit turned away, and stuffed his pocket-handkerchief in his mouth to keep down a roar of laughter.

The Diddler soon had the old gentleman on dry land.

Mr. Parrot presented a very comical appearance with his trowsers clinging to his thin legs, and his wig covered with river weeds.

"Where's that old sinner, Miffins? Oh, there's the old rascal. You shoved the boat away on purpose," he cried, shaking his fist at Miffins. "I'll eat my wig if I haven't you to thank for this; let me get hold of you and I'll drown you for this."

"I didn't do nothink," returned the injured Miffins, flourishing the oar as the boat went round and round in a circle. "Oh, what shall I do with this boat?"

"You are a pretty fellow," exclaimed Mr. Parrot. "Didn't you tell me you knew how to manage a boat? And you bring me out and try to drown me. I'll have you up for it, I will, or I'll eat my wig."

"Go and eat your wig, if you like; but look here, the darned oars ain't no use," returned Miffins, suddenly flinging the oar he held in his hand ashore, and sending the other after it to keep it company.

"I'll eat my wig if the man isn't mad!" cried Mr. Parrot. "What's to be done now?"

"Oh, don't bother yourself about him!" cried the Diddler; "I have saved your life, sir, and we mean to look after him presently—one down, t'other come up."

Mr. Parrot looked at the Diddler.

"Ha! I have to thank you for saving my life, I suppose?" he said.

"Thanks are very satisfactory—'pon honor," returned the Diddler. "But what am I to do with this spoilt hat? Can't go home in it, 'pon honor."

"Why, the best thing you can do is to buy another," said the old gentleman, looking at the battered hat which was presented for inspection.

"Very good advice," said the Diddler.

"My advice is always sound, sir," returned Mr. Parrot, loftily.

"Then perhaps you will tell me where to get another without paying for it?" said the Diddler.

"I'll eat my wig if I ever thought of that," said Mr. Parrot. "I never asked you to save my life, you know. But I suppose I must pay."

"I must also call your polite attention, sir, to my trowsers," said the Diddler. "Pray observe the state of water and mud on them."

"Anything else?" observed the old gentleman, looking after Miffins, who was slowly disappearing behind the island in his little boat.

"Would you be surprised to find that I have lost a boot, and have only a stocking on my left foot?" said the Diddler, pointing to a dejected-looking boot which was floating down the stream.

"I don't want an inventory of your wardrobe," cried Mr. Parrot, angrily.

"My waistcoat has also gone to pot," continued the Diddler; "and all through saving your life; for, sir, I couldn't see so handsome a gentleman perish and not risk my all to save him."

This was too much for the old gentleman. He took to his heels.

"Sir, I must request that you observe also the state of my necktie," cried the Diddler, hopping after Mr. Parrot and clutching at his coat-tail.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Fairfit; "hold him tight."

"You'll pull my coat-tail off, boy; let me go. Your clothes could not have been worth much before you got wet," said Mr. Parrot, suddenly turning upon the Diddler; "but I'll pay you presently."

The Diddler was about to reply, when his attention was diverted by a loud cry from Miffins.

The boat had suddenly ceased revolving.

"Help, help! somebody come and help me! Hi, Diddler! Save me," yelled Miffins, who felt that he was being drawn under the water by invisible hands.

"You've only caught in the weeds, stupid," roared Mr. Parrot. "Sit still, can't you?"

Miffins was standing as though about to make a speech, and the boat was rocking dangerously.

"If ever I gets safe on land, I'll stay there. I'll never go in a boat again, never," cried Mr. Miffins, with a groan, as Mr. Parrot and the boys ran down to the water's edge in order to have a better view of him.

The Diddler could have waded across to Miffins and released him from his unpleasant predicament.

But this did not suit his purpose.

"I'm dashed if fate ain't again me; everything goes wrong when Diddler is near me. Diddler's my fate," cried Miffins.

"Fate be hanged!" cried Mr. Parrot. "It's your own folly you've got to thank. I'll eat my wig if it isn't. Why, you wicked old rascal, you know you tried to kill me."

"Hold yer jaw, it is all your fault," cried Miffins.

"Most eccentric man that," observed Mr. Parrot; "I little thought what an interesting study he would be when I picked him up in London."

"Oh, picked Miffins up in London, did you?" thought the Diddler.

"Ain't nobody a going to help a fellah-critter in distress?" said Miffins, with an appealing look at the Diddler.

"He deserves to be punished for nearly drowning me," observed Mr. Parrot. "I'll eat my wig if he doesn't."

"Right you are, I saw him do it," said the Diddler, with a grin. "Old Miffins's fault—wouldn't wait to take up passenger—shoved away from the shore—over you went—in I jumped—lost my boot—up you came. You'll be grateful to Diddler, and so on."

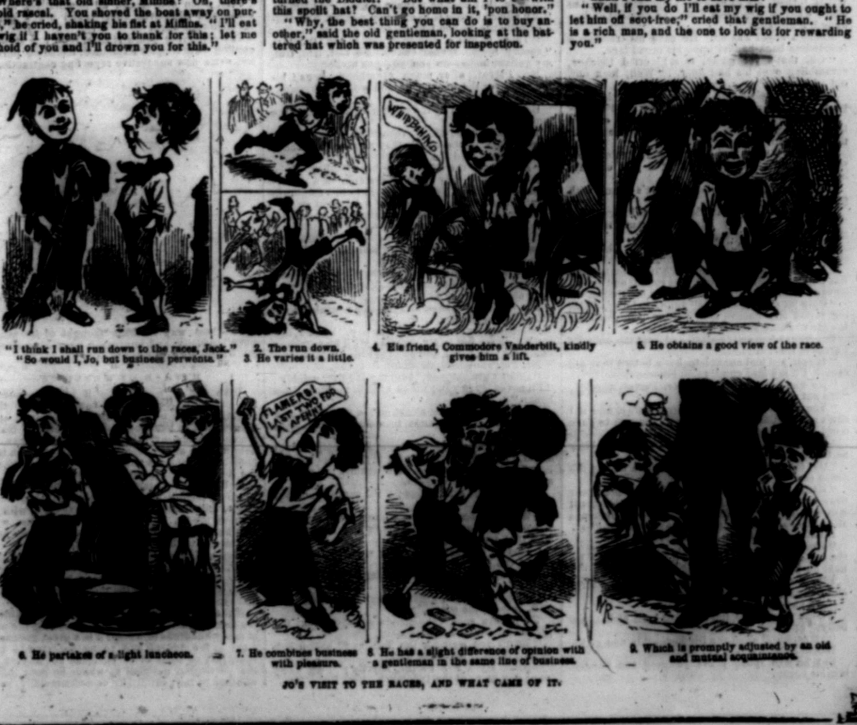
The Diddler didn't consider it necessary to say that he had purposely kicked off the boot while in the water.

"What's to be done?" cried Miffins. "Are you three going to stand and stare your eyes out for hever, and let a human bean go down to a watery grave? You know I can't swim."

The Diddler looked at Mr. Parrot and said:

"Shall I risk my life to save him?"

"Well, if you do I'll eat my wig if you ought to let him off scot-free," cried that gentleman. "He is a rich man, and the one to look to for rewarding you."



WHIPPING
FLAMERS! LAST TWO FOR A APENNY

1. "I think I shall run down to the races, Jack." "So would I, Jo, but business perwents."
2. The run down.
3. He varies it a little.
4. His friend, Commodore Vanderbilt, kindly gives him a lift.
5. He obtains a good view of the race.
6. He partakes of a light luncheon.
7. He combines business with pleasure.
8. He has a slight difference of opinion with a gentleman in the same line of business.
9. Which is promptly adjusted by an old and mutual acquaintance.

JO'S VISIT TO THE RACES, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Miffins, old man, what value do you put on your precious life?" cried the Diddler. "Take time—I'm not in a hurry—only speak before you go down and become food for the little fishes."

"I'll give yer ten shillings when I find myself on dry land," said Miffin.

"Mean man, won't do," returned the Diddler.

"A pound, then."

The Diddler shook his head.

"Oh, the avarice of them boys," cried Miffins. "What is it you want?"

"My dear and respected Mr. Miffins, a fiver down on the nail, no mistake," said the Diddler; "and I'll save you for that and no less."

Miffins sighed.

"I give in," he said.

The Diddler waited to hear no more. He immediately plunged into the water and came alongside of the boat.

He gave it a push which freed it from the weeds, but sent Miffins over on his back, shouting out:

"Oh, I'm killed! my back's broke!"

"All right, make room," cried the Diddler, as he scrambled into the boat, scattering water over Miffins's light trowsers.

Mr. Miffins maintained a sulky silence at the bottom of the boat, until he found himself on land.

Then he turned upon the Diddler.

"Diddler, I've been took in," he cried, as he sullenly handed over the promised "fiver." "If I had a-known it wasn't deep, I would a-tucked up my trowsers and walked ashore."

"Dear boy, we must pay for experience—hard school, very," said the Diddler, hooking himself on to Mr. Parrot's arm, and hopping beside him, with only one boot on, much to the gentleman's disgust.

"We part here," cried Mr. Parrot, when they reached the high road.

"Our way is your way," cried the Diddler, who was not to be shaken off.

Mr. Parrot, resisting an impulse which prompted him to knock the Diddler down, resumed his walk, with that eccentric youth still hopping on one foot and hanging on his arm.

Sulkily Miffins and Bob Fairfit brought up the rear.

They regarded each other with looks anything but expressive of friendship or good feeling, and walked along in silence, until they came in sight of the toll-house.

"Blow that low Belcher," thought Miffins, abruptly, coming to a standstill. "If I go through the blessed gate, Parrot will find out that I am a friend of his'n, and cut me dead."

"What the plague are you stopping for; up to some more desperate larks, Miffins?" said Mr. Parrot, angrily.

"Hadn't us better turn back?" asked Miffins.

"No!" said Mr. Parrot, impatiently. "Why should we?"

"Because the dust of this road bungs up my eyes, and I want something to drink," said Miffins.

"I'll eat my wig if I ever knew such a man," cried Mr. Parrot. "I'm not going to turn back, but you can please yourself, sir; but no more of your larks on me, please."

"Come on, Miffins; walk this way will do you good; meet old friends, treat you well," cried the Diddler.

Miffins hesitated for a moment, then suddenly drawing his hat over his eyes, briskly stepped up with the others.

But if he hoped to escape recognition, he was mistaken.

"Halloa, Miffins," cried Mr. Belcher. "So here you are again. Come in; but none of your games and breaking up my furniture this time."

"I don't know yer," said Miffins.

The Diddler, with fun and mischief in his eye, said: "Pray walk in, gentlemen."

"How dare you address such language to a gentleman of property?" said Miffins, taking no notice of Diddler, but speaking to Mr. Belcher.

"Gentleman o' property!" cried the old buffer, leaning over his half door and shaking his finger in Miffins's face. "You may be one now, but when I knew you first, you was nothing but a knobstick."

"A what?" said Mr. Parrot.

"A knobstick," repeated Mr. Belcher. "He arterwards turned his attention to minding pigs, but that's what he was when I fust see him. Let him deny it if he can."

Miffins's blood was up. He gave his traducer a resounding back-hander upon his broad face.

"Oh, that's yer game, is it?" cried Belcher, scrambling over his half door. "Well, look out, old pig-minder."

"Ha, ha!" yelled Bob Fairfit. "Go it, old turnpike. Show him what you can do for him!"

The Diddler, who was standing on his solitary boot, holding his other foot in his hand, joined in the merriment.

Miffins saw what was coming, and planted himself behind Mr. Parrot, throwing a pair of long, lean arms around his waist.

Thus shielded, he awaited Belcher's attack with great fortitude.

"Let me go, sir," cried Mr. Parrot, indignantly. "I don't require any knocking about; it don't agree with me—let me go, I say."

"Not if I knows it," said Miffins, holding him in a still tighter grip. "Come on if you dare, Belcher."

"I'll eat my wig if I stand such treatment," said Mr. Parrot, as Miffins swung him round, and he received the blow which was intended for Miffins.

"Only let me get at him!" yelled Belcher, dodging round Mr. Parrot, and making ineffectual attempts to strike Miffins.

But Miffins was on the alert, and kept the unlucky Parrot in front of him.

"If you are fool enough to keep before that old rascal, I'll lay into you," cried Belcher.

"He won't let me go," said Mr. Parrot, angrily; "it's not my fault."

"Your fault or not, you're in my way, and if I can't punch Miffins, I'll punch you. I means to have it out o' somebody," cried Mr. Belcher.

And with these words he gave Mr. Parrot a blow on the nose.

"Oh, dear, my poor nose! This man will be the death of me," cried Mr. Parrot.

"Keep up your courage; I'm your preserver once more!" shouted the Diddler, who thought it was now high time to interfere. "We'll put things straight—half a jiffy—now, old boy, look out!"

He attacked Belcher in the rear.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bob Fairfit, coming to the assistance of his chum. "Bow-wow-wow! I'll hold on behind, Diddler."

Miffins, seeing his advantage, released Mr. Parrot and rushed upon Mr. Belcher, shouting:

"We have got you now."

"Lock him in the toll-house or he'll kick somebody," cried Mr. Parrot.

"All serene," cried the Diddler. "In you go!"

Belcher made a gallant resistance.

But he was speedily overpowered and bundled into his house.

Mr. Parrot gave a sigh of relief as he saw Miffins lock the door on the outside.

"I'll mark some of you for this," cried Belcher, looking out of his little window, which was a rather tight fit for his round head.

"I'll eat my wig if he doesn't want a strait-jacket. Why, he's a madman," cried Mr. Parrot."

"You would put me in a madhouse, eh? I'll have my revenge on ye for this insult," cried Belcher, growing very red in the face.

"A madhouse is the only place you are fit for," returned Mr. Parrot. "I'll inform against you."

"I'm tired of this," said the Diddler, taking off his solitary boot and flinging it at Mr. Belcher's head. "Take that as my parting gift, dear boy."

Belcher disappeared for a moment.

"I owe you one, my lad," he said to the Diddler, as he once more took up his position at the window.

"Keep it, pray—every faith in your honor—wouldn't hurry you on any account," said the Diddler. "Nice boot—hope you'll like it."

"Oh, the awful cheek of them boys!" cried the impotent Belcher, tearing his hair.

"Let us move on; I shall take cold," said Mr. Parrot, shivering in his wet clothes.

"This is a pretty way to serve a fellow; lock him up in his own toll-house," yelled Mr. Belcher, looking after them.

"We shall never be able to go out of bounds again if we don't do something to conciliate the old man," whispered Bob Fairfit.

The Diddler reflected, and concluded that Bob was right. Something must be done. He hastily excused himself to the others and ran back.

"Here's your ten bob back, dear boy; be friends again," he said, standing on tip-toe to hand it to Belcher, who snatched at it quickly.

"You thinks to bribe me ag'in, do you?" muttered Belcher, looking after the retreating figure of the Diddler; "but you never passes this here gate no more without the permission of the doctor, so take a good look at the town, my bantam cock. I'm not going to be made a laughing-stock for nothink."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DIDDLER'S RIDE.

THE Diddler walked along by the side of Mr. Parrot, whistling cheerfully.

His feet sank on the soft dust, and he felt not the absence of his boots.

But he suddenly stopped whistling as he saw that they were approaching a part of the road which had been recently mended with rough stones.

"You are in a fix, Diddler," said Bob Fairfit. "Ha, ha! how's your poor feet?"

"Boy, if you take my advice, you will turn back," said Mr. Parrot; "flints will cut your feet."

"Want to get rid of me," thought the Diddler; "no go—can't be done."

"Them there petrified kidneys will play up old Harry with yer feet," observed Miffins, "and serve you right."

"I don't think they will hurt me," returned the Diddler. "Oh, no, but shake hands, Mr. Parrot, and say good-by."

There was a twinkle in his swivel eye which Rob Fairfit knew to be a sure sign that he contemplated some act of mischief.

"I am very sorry to part with you; but it can't be helped," said Mr. Parrot, holding out his hand.

"Don't apologize," said the Diddler, suddenly grasping his hand, and then jumping upon Mr. Parrot's back; "I'm very comfortable here—nice seat—ha, ha, ha!"

"Get off!" cried Mr. Parrot. "Why don't you come to my assistance, Miffins?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bob Fairfit. "Diddler, you're like the old man of the sea."

"I'm not a-going to interfere," said Miffins, giving Mr. Parrot and the Diddler a wide berth.

"Am I to be treated like this?" said Mr. Parrot. "Get off, you young rascal."

"No go," cried the Diddler, winding his long legs round the old gentleman's stomach. "Gee up, go it."

Mr. Parrot made frantic attempts to unseat the Diddler.

"Now, that ain't no manner of use," said Miffins. "My advice to you is to come on quietly. The Diddler will stick to you like a leech."

"Take a fool's advice," cried the Diddler; "sooner began, sooner ended. So trot, trot, trot, my gallant moke—on you go—gee up!"

Mr. Parrot, after much grumbling, began his journey over the uneven ground with the triumphant Diddler on his back.

He was followed by the sniggering Miffins and the laughing Bob.

Thus they went along, receiving many compliments from pupils whom they met on the road, until they reached the town.

"Stop here—the shop," cried the Diddler, jumping down when they came to the door of a ready-made clothier's. "Everything sold in this establishment, from a pair of trowsers to a diamond ring."

And before Mr. Parrot could utter any protest he was hurried into the shop.

"This gentleman wants a change of clothes, and so do I; both, you see, spoilt," said the Diddler.

The polite shopman bowed.

"We want them neat and natty," continued the Diddler. "Attend to me first—I'm in a hurry—my dear old friend will wait."

The Diddler was soon arrayed in a tolerably well-fitting suit of clothes.

"Good-by for the present, dear boy," he said, lifting his glossy hat to Mr. Parrot; "I'll leave you to complete your toilet, and pay the little bill for both."

Mr. Parrot opened his mouth to speak.

"Don't be frightened," said the Diddler, quickly; "I'll never leave you; I'll be back in no time—'pon honor."

He danced down the street on the tips of his new boots, leaving Bob Fairfit to mount guard at the shop door.

"The boys will never leave us; they'll be our death," said Mr. Parrot, with a groan, as he saw Bob Fairfit flattening his nose against the window and grinning in upon them.

"Not them," said Miffins; "I'll serve them out yet."

"We shall have to hire a carriage," said Mr. Parrot; "I won't walk through the town again with that dreadful Diddler."

"There's a livery stable just opposite, sir," observed the shopman.

He had been attentively listening to the conversation.

Miffins and Parrot, accompanied by the watchful Bob, crossed the road.

They were soon accommodated with what the proprietor called a fine turn-out.

"Won't you wait for the Diddler?" asked Bob Fairfit, running up to the horse.

"No," cried Mr. Parrot, shortly; "we don't want any more of the Diddler."

But the Diddler was not to be easily got rid of.

He appeared at the top of the street at this moment, laden with parcels, shouting out:

"Hi! stop a bit!"

He was soon abreast of the carriage.

He flung his parcels inside, and mounted to the seat beside the driver, saying:

"Now, we'll enjoy ourselves."

This was Miffin's first ride in a carriage, and he meant to enjoy himself also.

He thrust his legs out of the window and ignited a pipe.

"I object to your smoking that dirty pipe, sir," cried Mr. Parrot.

"I don't," responded Miffins, puffing away.

"I insist upon your sitting up and having the window shut," cried Mr. Parrot.

"I like the fresh air myself," said Miffins; "and my legs are very comfortable where they is."

"I would rather walk with the Diddler than ride with you, so if you can't behave yourself I shall get out and walk."

"You can do as you please," cried Miffins. "I call this fine; better than a cart with no springs."

"Stop," shouted Mr. Parrot, putting his head out of the window; "I'll get out."

"Go on," cried Miffins to the man, "drive away."

"What am I to do?" said the coachman, appealing to the Diddler.

"Splendid horse; drive on," said the Diddler.

"Will you stop?" roared Mr. Parrot. "I'll eat my wig if I don't complain to your master."

"I'm blest if I knows what to do," cried the coachman, as Miffins's voice, coming from the interior of the carriage, bade him get on "faster, faster."

"I'll settle the difficulty," said the Diddler, taking the reins out of the coachman's hand. "Off we go, hurrah!"

He gave the horse an encouraging shout, and it darted down the road, passing the toll-house with such speed that Mr. Belcher looked after the carriage in bewilderment, being too late to receive any toll from his victorious foes.

[To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. [illegible]

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

PRIZE LESSON.

STRAIGHT signs, double length, add their, there, other and another. A heavy straight line sign, doubled, tapers to the end, and is thus distinguished from two single letters joined. Example: Tee²-ther, to their; Bee¹-ther, by their.

A "we" sign, double-size, first place, stands for *we were*, or *we would*. "With," *with what*; "were,"—*were we*; "what"—*what we*, *what were*, or *what would*; "would"—*would we*. "With," with the opening northeast, *with you*; would (southwest), *would you*. "You" (opening north), *you were*; "you" (south), *you would*. All double the usual size. Nomenclature: Those opening east, weh-weh; west, wuh-wuh; northeast, weh-yeh; southeast, wuh-yuh; north, yeh-wah; south, yuh-wuh. These rules are among the best of Graham's inventions, and a great improvement over the separate word-signs. There are other combinations, but these are sufficient, and the most useful.

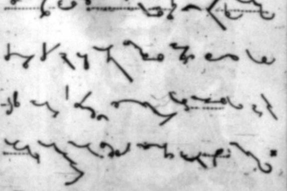
Phrasing.—Before you phrase, that is, join two or more word-signs together, to save time and avoid "jumps" and liftings, be sure you recognize your Phonographic acquaintance at sight, and can read the signs simply and immediately, according to their form. When you have photographed their shape and meaning indelibly on your memory's eye you will lose no time in reading them when joined; but otherwise there will be considerable guessing, which is to be avoided by better acquaintance.

Make no *snakey* junctions, which run too long either on, above, or below the line of writing.

Join no words which in grammar have no fellowship, and which require a slight pause between them to make good sense.

Join, when convenient, all nominatives to their verbs, and adjectives, adverbs and prepositions to the following word.

The engraving below is brief reporting style, according to principles explained, including phrases, and some new suggestive reporting contractions.



The best way we have thought of for proving your ingenuity, and improving your Phonographic knowledge, is as follows:

METHOD OF PRACTICE.

Take the P sign, write it in each position, full length, applying each vowel and diphthong sound to each position, first before, then after; then write Pee half-length in each position, making words with the several vowels and diphthongs, first before, then after; then the full-length, with the R hook in the three positions; then the half-length, with the R hook, three positions; then the L hook, full and half-length; then with the N hook, both lengths; then F hook both lengths; then with S circle, initial and final, or both at once, with and without the L, R and V hooks; then Pee, whole and half-lengths, with two or more of these hooks and circles to the same sign-word.

Then use Bee in the same manner, then Tee, Dee, Chay, Jay, etc., all the straight strokes, and as many as possible of the curved letters, until you make each one answer the most searching analysis and synthesis.

While it is desirable to remember, if possible, all the forms and the principles for making the forms of many hundreds of words, it is a great encouragement to the student and young reporter to know that, just as soon as he becomes acquainted with the particular business in which he may engage, whether in law, editorially or commercially, he will need but a few, comparatively, in his actual work, and many commonly-occurring words and phrases will be necessarily recurring from time to time, as the nature of the business may require; so that he will finally become so accustomed to the mode of thought and expression of the dictator or speaker, that he can supply much, imply some, and anticipate more, attaining all the familiarty, ease and speed he desires; in fact, he will sometimes be the subject of a kind of involuntary mental abstraction, during his manual performance, which is very pleasant to the skillful, but very mysterious and confounding to the struggling and straggling.

[To be continued.]

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

THE DANCING MANIA.

MOST people have, at one time or other, seen some poor creature afflicted with those curious and painful convulsive movements which are commonly called Saint Vitus's Dance. That, at least, is the popular name for the terrible affliction, of which even now we have some instances among us; but it must not be confounded with the Dance of Saint John or Saint Vitus, a mania in the Middle Ages, although they have some points of resemblance. There was the dancing mania in Germany called Saint John's Dance, in Italy called tarantism (from the supposed bite of a spider); as there is in Abyssinia, the tigretier, from the name of the country, the Tigre, in which it most commonly occurs. As early as the latter part of the fourteenth century large numbers of men and women in Germany, both in places of worship and in the streets, behaved as if they were possessed by devils. They danced in circles for hours together, leaped high into the air with wild gestures and contortions, and after raving for some time, they fell to the ground, completely exhausted. Strange to say, in a few months this terrible disease spread rapidly in the Netherlands, and in most of the large towns of Belgium the demoniacal dancers appeared. Everything was done which the wisdom of the age could suggest to put a stop to them, but in vain. The priests tried exorcisms, and there was even a law made that only square-toed shoes be worn throughout the country, seeing that the pointed toes, which were then popular, were objects of dislike to the fanatical dancers. Certain colors, too, they hated and shunned, and the sight of anything red was enough to throw them into renewed convulsions. The number of people who were possessed in various places was enormous. Five hundred were affected in Cologne, and the streets of Metz were said at one time to have been filled with eleven hundred of them.

Many stories of dancing plagues were current in medieval times, even before the Saint John's Dance broke out in Aix-la-Chapelle. A mad rage for dancing had at various periods been manifested by large bodies of men; and even children had caught the contagion in their youth, and been afflicted with an incurable tremor the rest of their lives.

Music of a rude kind always accompanied troops of Saint John's Dancers, and served by turns to excite and soothe them. They did, of course, an immense amount of mischief in every town they visited, and had they not found in Saint Vitus a patron saint, under whose protection they supposed themselves to be, it would have gone hard with them. Moreover, people believed them to be innocent victims to Beelzebub, and to be possessed with devils, like the persons mentioned in the Bible.

These fanatics were luckier in Germany than in other countries, where those possessed, and the people charged with being the authors of the demoniacal possession, were often persecuted with all the cruelty which could be devised by men who believed that in such persecution they were fulfilling a religious duty. Even as late as 1697, in Scotland, three men and four women, the supposed authors of the demoniacal fits of leaping and dancing in a girl named Christian Shaw, were burnt at Paisley.

The dancing mania in Italy was attributed to the bite of the "tarantula," or ground-spider, an insect common in the Italian province of Apulia. We say supposed to arise, for the greatest authority on the subject believes that there existed a nervous disorder, afterward called tarantism, long before any connection between it and the spider were found out. The bites, moreover, of scorpions and other venomous insects were said to have much the same effect, and people feared the tarantula so much that the sting often existed only in their imaginations.

Certainly, every one believed, when this curious disorder first made its appearance, that the tarantula was the cause of it. And exceedingly strange the symptoms were, the most extraordinary of them being an irresistible desire to dance, and a wonderful susceptibility to musical sounds. Some held that the music and dancing spread the poison over the whole body, and that it finally made its escape through the skin. If any of the poison remained in the body, they believed that it could at any time be roused into action by the music, which had at one time been used to mitigate its evil effects. Hence, various pieces of music, called tarantellas, were written, and even to this day, in memory of the famous spider, there are many musical pieces of a light and sparkling character, which composers still designate tarantellas, and which form the national dance of the Neapolitans, compared to which the livelist and noisiest Roman Saltarello is but a dull affair.

The tarantellas of the Middle Ages had a very different work to perform from that of amusing an audience of pleasure-seekers, which is their only use at the present day. They were played to assuage the pangs of persons suffering from a terrible epidemic, which began with pain and sickness, and ended sometimes in madness, and even death. The patients, after the bite, or supposed bite, of the spider, or having caught the disorder from some one engaged in the mad dance of tarantism, would exhibit lassitude, and were tortured with pain. When the dance began, they loved the sight of bright water or the glittering of swords. They liked red colors (we have seen the Saint John's dancers detested them), and generally wore them or carried red handkerchiefs. Some preferred yellow or green, and this wild liking for special colors was carried to an astonishing degree. There was nothing could cure the patients but music and the dance. They were happy and out of pain when dancing, but when the music ceased they relapsed into their odd, agonized condition.

Even people who dared to set their faces against the popular belief, and allowed themselves to be bitten by the tarantula, were obliged at last to submit to being cured by music. Some of the clergy, who held dancing in detestation, were in this plight.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

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1. S, Bar, Belus, Saladin, Ruder, Sir, N. 2. Harm-on-I-U-M. 3. Coal. Iron. Lead—Chief, ORE, ArOmA, LiNeD. 4. Sp(o)ar, Pa(i)nt, Se(v)er, Be(g)an. 5. Match, Afore, Toper, Creed, Herds. 6. Men-ace. 7. Bay-o-net. 8. Den-ounce. 9. Escape, Silver, Cleans, Avaunt, Pennon, Erst-no. 10. Ass-ass-in.

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ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—CHARADE.

My whole is boiling, bubbling hot,
First a second in darkness you surely cannot.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Always opposed, each struggling for his right;
One flings the glove, the other then must fight.

1. A work of art, admired through ages past;
   Yet, after all, is but a tomb at last.
2. An instrument of music no one uses,
   Though honored by Apollo and the Muses.
3. When gossips trouble us with tales absurd
   We wish them far away, using this word.
4. A picture we may guard, displayed or hid,
   But none may worship, that's a thing forbid.
5. The prophet who rebuked with words of power
   The king who sinned in an unhappy hour.
6. An animal from which we shrink with dread,
   That bears a charmed life—none find it dead.
7. A charming isle in Naples' lovely bay,
   There pilgrims worship, and there tourists stray.
8. She cares not for the duties of her nest,
   But on her master's hand sits like a crest.
9. Here rove the deer, and many an outlaw band,
   Now yet often found in America's prosperous land.

3.—DELETIONS.

My first's a word means great renown;
Delete, and swiftness will your efforts crown.
Sporting my next will surely be;
Delete, another kind of sporting see.
My next's a name—delete and find,
An ancient roofing of peculiar kind.
Next, class or order is my first,
Delete, 'tis agitation of the worst.
What signifies a spring delete,
And what prevents a spring will this complete.

G. H. M.

4.—SQUARE WORDS.

A noted inventor; to obtain by transmission; the name of a Greek lady of rank; time in martial music; a Spanish city; a Grecian hero distinguished for age and wisdom.

5.—CHARADE.

First her second, do not whole,
One who loves you with her soul,
Said one bright day a tender maid
To one who from her side had strayed.
And before the place he left,
First your second she is bereft,
Was the answer that he gave,
To his loving, gentle slave.

PHILOS.

6.—NUMERALS.

Two hundred, fifty-one, and oh! still more;
By this painful disease you roll on the floor.

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

Produced by the voice; a musical drama; a tree; a vowel and a contest; household gods.

8.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; a tree; a vowel and a check; slight; muddle; a snare; a consonant.

9.—CHARADE.

My first is the scourge of the human race;
My next for wolves and tigers a place;
My whole an officer whom you can trace.

10.—LOGOGRIPH.

A burning substance is my whole,
Reverse it, and you'll find
An animal destructive, and
Detected by mankind.
If you this animal transpose,
Ingenious it will be;
Invert the same, a letter add,
An article you'll see
Which is by servants often used,
And what they well might claim
As something indispensable;
Reversed, no whole 'twill name.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

A SET speech—One in type.

THE combing man—The hairdresser.

PARAGRAPHS worth copying are creditable affairs.

"WHEN is a man a coward?" asked a teacher. "When he runs away from a cow," answered a pupil.

Now THE boy climbs up the trees,
And the verdant fruit doth seize,
And immediately the poison in his stomach camps,
And so do the fidgets and the colics and the cramps.

ONE of a pair of pious friends, who are in the habit of signing "as ever" or "yours ever," was immeasurably astonished last week at receiving an epistle from the other ending "yours hardly ever."

"LET boy guns be buy guns," as the boy said when his mother took him to task for investing all his money in a pair of fowling-pieces.

THE height of politeness is passing round the opposite side of a lady, when walking with her in order to avoid treading on her shadow.

"WON'T that boa-constrictor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman. "Oh, no, boy; he never bites—he swallows his witties whole."

SAID Miss Dotonart at the Art Museum, "Yes, I am so delighted, Chawles, and a bee-utiful burst is that opposite!" Money couldn't force her into saying "bust."

TWO SMALL but benevolent infants in the park: "Oh, dear, my beetle's only dot five legs." "Break anozzer one off, Johnny, so he won't be lame."

SPEAK of a man's marble brow and he will glow with conscious pride, but allude to his wooden head and he's mad in a minute. Language is a slippery thing to fool with much.

I GUESS.—"John," said a doating parent to her rather insatiable boy, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," replied the young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

READY.—"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a fellow to a brick brunette; "give me your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask papa."

"HOW SHALL we train our girls?" asked an exchange. Train 'em with about twenty-two yards of black silk if you want to please your girls. A silk velvet train would also make 'em happy.

A NICE little boy calls himself Compass, because he is boxed so often.

PRINCE PETER of Oldenburg is chief of the Imperial Russian colleges for girls, and exercises the duties of his office with diligence. Lately he decided to investigate for himself whether there were grounds for the numerous complaints which had reached him of the food at the Smolnig Convent, where eight hundred girls are educated. Going to the institution just before the dinner hour, he walked straight toward the kitchen. At its door he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming caldron. "Halt!" he cried out; "put that kettle down." The soldiers obeyed. "Bring me a spoon," added the prince. The spoon was produced, but one of the soldiers ventured to begin a stammering remonstrance. "Hold your tongue," cried the prince; "take off the lid. I insist on tasting it." No further objection was raised, and his Highness took a large spoonful. "You call this soup?" he exclaimed; "why, it is dirty water!" "It is, your Highness," replied the soldier, "we have just been cleaning out the laundry."

TIM MUFFIN was a baker's boy,
And he lived away down yeast,
He was the flour of the family—
Well bred, to say the least.

Soon Tim resolved to take a wife—
Doughnut give it away—
To cookies meals and crack her jokes,
And he bun-ning all day.

He found his wheat tart, fair and true,
And set his love a-buzzin;
The suit was won—'twas years ago—
They're now a baker's dozen.

AN exchange says: "We find upon our table one of the newest pictures. It is beautiful in design, small, but showing great artistic skill in its make-up. The prevailing colors are green and black, the two blending so harmoniously that the effect is pleasing in the highest degree. We shall not, of course, presume to give an exact description of this picture, but some of the characters look so noble, so striking, that we cannot refrain from describing them. The head-centre, or rather the hero of the picture, holds in his left hand a banner, in his right hand a sword; his hat is thrown on the ground; his head is thrown back, his left foot extended, and taken altogether, his appearance is that of one challenging another to mortal combat, waiting for the other fellow to knock off the chip. His eyes are cast upward, resting on the word fi—. Hello! what's this? Great snakes! if it isn't a five-dollar bill! We took it for some new kind of a Christmas chromo, that had come in the mail."

"HAVE you any objects of interest in the vicinity?" the tourist asked the Burlington man. "I have, I have," eagerly replied the other, "but I can't get at it to show it to you. It's a ninety-day note, and it's down in the bank now, drawing interest like a horse-race or a mustard-plaster."

A SCHOOL-SHIP for the training of pirates could be filled immediately with cadets from the class of boys who are reading dime novels. Many a youth standing by while his mother splits wood for cooking dinner is within his soul burning to be a hero of the high seas.

"YOU know," said Rice, "how the negro likes 'possum." Two darkeys were riding from a field after a hard day's plowing. They began to talk about the things good to eat. "What do you say to dis?" said one. "T-a-k-e a good f-a-t 'possum—pah-bile him—put him in ole-fashion' Dutch ovin'—roas' him brown"—the other darkey's eyes rolling and mouth watering at the description, went on—"sarve him up wid s-o-o-n graby." "Shut your mouf, you niggah; I'll fall right off'n dis hoss if you don't."

A FRENCHMAN cannot pronounce "ship." The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an ironclad, he said to a boy: "Is dish a war-sheep?" "No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."

"STAND up, and tell the truth like a little bell-punch," is the latest addition to the phraseology of slang.

"MARY," said a mother to her little daughter, "if I was a little girl like you, I should pick up all those chips." "Well, mamma," answered Mary, "are you not glad you are not a little girl?"

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> The giant cassowary,
> On the plains of Timbuctoo,
> Swallowed a missionary,
> Bible and hymn-book, too.

is a large, strong bird, of ostrich-like build, covered with long black feathers as fine as hair. He has a bold stride, and good muscular development, and is maintained on bread-and-water.

The swans have grain during the Summer and cabbages when they are housed up for the Winter. The doves, pheasants and chickens are fed on grain and bread, and the small birds get canary-hemp and rape-seed, and red-peppers at intervals.

The special pets are the elephants, the little sun bear, and the monkeys. Hay and vegetables are all the food the management allows the elephants, but children never weary of feeding them with bits of apple and cake.

The little sun bear, "Jenny," is provided with a dish of bread-and-milk every day, and depends upon visitors for delicacies. She is a favorite, and nine out of ten of the visitors give her something. She knows her friends, and if they pass her by without notice she utters an affecting cry.

The monkeys number about fifty, and are of many species. They have a room to themselves, and it is always crowded. Their bill of fare is the most elaborate of any in the menagerie. They have bread every morning, crackers and apples during the day, carrots twice a week, and onions once a month. Corn and peanuts are scattered in the straw on the floor of their cages, which they can obtain only by active search.

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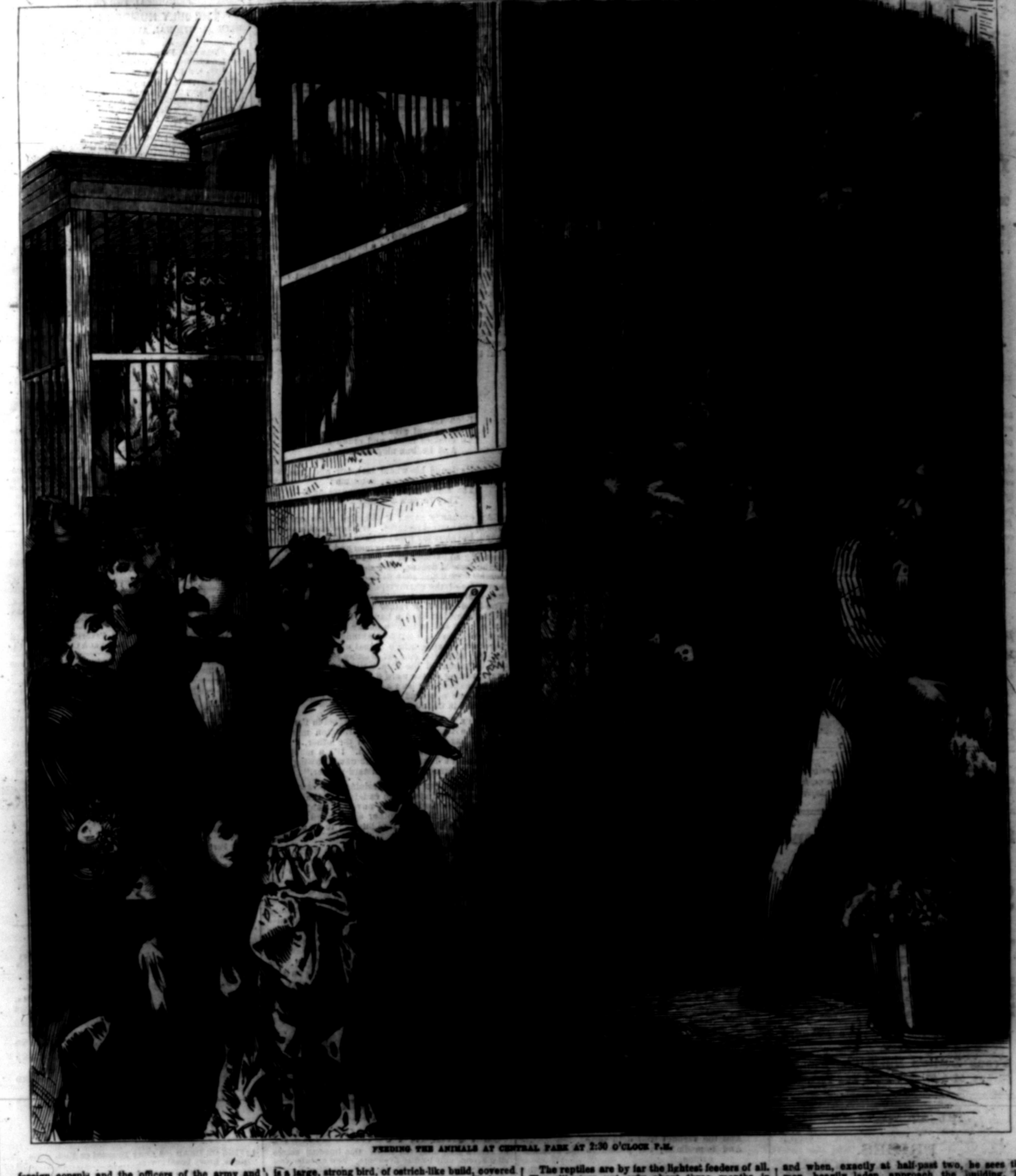
At two o'clock they lie almost sluggish on the floor of their prisons; at a quarter past they are up on their feet, pacing their narrow bounds hastily; at twenty-five minutes past they are almost wild, and lash themselves against the bars of their cages. One lion only of them all is calm, and he is the one who commands a view of the out-house where the men are preparing the meat. He watches eagerly, and when, exactly at half-past two, he sees the men, heavily laden, approach the building, he gives a signal cry, and the room straightway is filled with the roar of lions and the shrieks of tigers and hyenas.

A large chunk of beef is thrown to each one, and quiet reigns again. Sometimes there are terrible fights between the inmates of a cage. The old lion "Parker," thirty years of age, has to eat slowly, and he is cursed with an active spouse, who speedily finishes her allowance, and then harasses her lord for a share of his. It requires all the efforts of the keepers to restrain the couple from a disgraceful family quarrel.



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